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NEW MASSES

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ATOMBOMB BLACKMAIL

Two articles by

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

and

HANS BERGER

I MET CHU TEH— CHINA'S TITO

by B. K. BASU

PIONEER IN MARXIST CRITICISM

The work of Christopher Caudwe

by LOUIS HARAP

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE HAVE just received a subscription from a citizen of Iraq, boosting the total for that country to eleven. This caused us to wonder what our readers numbered up to in other foreign countries. So after upsetting the routine of the circulation department we came away with the information that our strongest outland circulation is in Australia, where some 400 residents of Melbourne, Sydney, etc., read us regularly. Following in the order of descending strength we have fairly good representation in South Africa, England, Canada, New Zealand, Alaska and Canada. All of which brings us obliquely to the fact that in proportion to such figures, we are far behind in our home base operations. However, a contemplation of this picture gives us added zest in righting it. For we feel that for every "Down Under" progressive who finds interest in NEW MASSES' interpretation of American issues, there should be a thousand Americans.

One way we are trying to get such readers is by placing a copy of NM in every library of the country. We have been asking each reader, therefore, to present his favorite library with a subscription, or to send us the subscription money and to let us do the selecting. The response has been moderately satisfactory. This week we received a note from Alfred Blaizer, a small town upstate New York reader, who contributes a new wrinkle to this drive:

"Your library campaign is fine," he writes, "but I think you are overlooking an even greater center of readers. I refer to the town barbershop. Don't laugh. In my barbershop there are always five or six people waiting their turn and on a Saturday night there are never less than a dozen. Every scrap of reading matter is looked at many times over. Every magazine is greasy from handling. The shop is a public forum. Everything from Truman's tailor to what the hell are our boys doing in China gets a thorough going-over. And usually the opinion expressed [illegible] ight from the periodical on the [illegible]'s lap. What the NEW MASSES do under the circumstances! So my ten dollars for subs to the two leading barbershops in my town. (Addresses enclosed.) I hope some other [illegible]rs take fire from this and do likewise."

Alfred Blaizer's idea, though novel, is sound, and opens up a whole train of possibilities. Why not a sub for your doctor's office, or your dentist's? As far as we are concerned, what we have found at the dentist or the doctor is either the *National Geographic* or periodicals with great slices of cheese cake. The latter is apparently supplied on the theory that a well-displayed gam will make you forget your pains. If there ever was a time when we regarded such bravura exhibits with a jaundiced eye, it was when we were in the grip of an unreasoning tooth or a rampaging bacillus. No, sir. The only way to make you forget a small trouble is to confront you with a larger trouble. Reading about the new plans of the KKK or the contents of a presidential speech full of jingoistic boasting made for a greater headache than anything we could personally manufacture, and for the moment, the need for remedies greater than could be supplied by the practitioner-in-waiting blotted the momentary trouble from our mind.

In short, a magazine like NEW MASSES in your doctor's office could really do the work that the girlie-girlie jobs were hired to do, and never did. Your doctor will see that in a flash. So either get your doctor to subscribe for an office copy or get him the subscription yourself. Who knows? He might even get to read it himself.

J. F.

P. S.

ONE of the fair sex about here, reading this column in proof, wanted to know how about beauty parlors? She contends that the world's most waiting is done by the gals getting themselves beautified. A permanent treatment keeps the customer around sometimes for as much as a half a day, the dryer (that's the tremendous inverted kettle that looks like a cover illustraion for *Scientific American*) for a full hour. Kept under this gadget, the dryee can do nothing but read. Barber shops indeed!

We are convinced.

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LIONEL BERMAN
ALVAH BESSIE
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Get Out!

By THE EDITORS

WITH reckless disregard of the most elementary principles of democracy and in flagrant violation of the policies upon which world peace and security must rest, the Truman administration, through its agents Ambassador Hurley and Lieutenant General Wedemeyer, continues armed intervention on the side of Chinese reaction and feudal-fascism. Seldom has America witnessed such an outrageous betrayal of popular sentiment.

The Chinese Communists have demanded an apology from General Wedemeyer for a whole series of actions which American Marines have been compelled to carry out in China under his orders. They will never get that apology because present American foreign policy does not have room for the ordinary decencies of human behavior. In the long run China's democratic forces, however, will win for themselves something far more important. They will defeat the policies which arrogant American officials now try to foist upon their nation.

THE American people, too, have the right and, indeed, the obligation to demand some apologizing from their own officials. For seldom has an inexcusable campaign of armed intervention been defended with such transparent deceit. On November 5, for instance, the Chinese Communists accused Wedemeyer of using his troops in active intervention. It accused the Marines of firing on Communist troops, arresting some of them and disarming others, specifically documenting each charge. On the same day a White House announcement said that President Truman had received word from Wedemeyer that "there have been no clashes between Chinese Communists and Marines." On November 9, however, according to the Associated Press from Chungking, Wedemeyer "said his troops had been caught in minor skirmishes." Both statements cannot be true.

There is also the fatuous argument put out every few days by Wedemeyer or Secretary of State Byrnes that the reason for the presence of some 62,000 American troops in north China is to disarm the Japanese (about 1,200,000 of them still have their arms in China) and evacuate them and Japanese civilians back to Japan. If that were the true aim of American policy one wonders why they have taken the most difficult, dangerous and ineffective method for accomplishing it. One wonders why the United States did not simply put some ships at the disposal of the Chinese forces who were on the spot in North China and already engaged in disarming the Japanese? And why instead we deliberately used the Japanese to keep "peace and order" in north China while we were aiding Chiang Kai-shek to prepare for civil war?

The answer is perfectly obvious. Wedemeyer has not even sent the Marines to the areas where the Japanese were; instead he has sent them mainly to areas where their only possible role is to hold key points against China's democratic forces. And as for the tens of thousands of Chiang Kai-shek's troops which Wedemeyer has transported northward there has been not one word to the effect that they are disarming Japanese or evacuating them. On the contrary, they have been preparing for civil war and engaging in preliminary fighting.

America's current policy toward China has aroused the world. It has been bitterly denounced throughout this country and in democratic circles abroad. This storm of criticism has so far had but small effect. Wedemeyer has been forced to announce the gradual withdrawal of American Marines. But this is a small victory indeed. For he is now trying to accomplish in a few weeks what he had previously hoped to do over a longer period. He will obviously seek to create an "incident" which he will use in order to plead the inadvisability of withdrawal.

All other forms of intervention are apparently to be stepped up. Chungking is to get 3,000 US airplanes. It is to be permitted to hire a mercenary force of American aviators. Chiang Kai-shek has gleefully announced that United States military mission of 1,500 to 2,200 men will help to reorganize his armies.

The protest against these moves has been great, but not great enough. It must be denounced in ever greater crescendo from all parts of the country and by every section of the population. The present administration must be told in the strongest possible terms that its policy has to be changed and changed quickly.

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CHU TEH: CHINA'S TITO

By B. K. BASU

"THE modern Chu Kuoliang [traditional national hero of the Fourth Century A.D.] of China," "the tough leader of the indomitable guerrilla fighters of the East. . . ." That is the way Gen. Chu Teh, the sixty-year-old Commander in Chief of the Eighteenth Group Army (Eighth Route Army of old) is referred to by the progressive intellectuals in Chungking. Those remarks were not, of course, to be made in public. Actually one of the high officials of the Chungking's Economic Stabilization Board whispered this to me in the antechamber of his Chungking office, after making sure that there was no fear of being overheard.

On the other hand, ordinary followers of the Kuomintang do not know or pretend not to know anything about the Communist-led Eighth Route Army and its leader, or repeat the age-old lies spread by diehards like H. H. Kung or the Chen brothers, and so forth, that Chu Teh is an opium-smoking bandit-chief, having secret connections with the Japanese.

The people who have known this "Marshal Tito" of the East have a totally different view. Legends still run high among the peasants of the northwest areas that whenever he is in the field of battle he can see 200 miles around.

Mao Tse-tung, head of the Chinese Communist Party, and Chu Teh to them are one person. That is why at the beginning of this year, following Chairman Mao's slogan of "fighting back to the native provinces," the 359th Brigade of the Eighth Route Army led by General Wang Jen fought back through the Japanese cordon to their native Hunan province and the old peasants welcomed them with tears of gratitude in their eyes—"After all, old 'Chu-Mao' has not forgotten us. Our army had moved from this area ten years ago on their long walk to the northwest to fight the Japanese; now they have come back to us, their fathers."

In Yenan if you ask a student or a veteran rank-and-file soldier what he thinks of Chu Teh—he will declare with a broad grin that he is their "Lao Ma-Ma"; like their old Ma, he looks after every one of them. His close associates refer to him endearingly as "Chu-Lao" (Old Chu); or "Lao Chung"—the old Commander in Chief. To be referred to as "Lao" is a great and intimate honor in China. There are only seven leaders of the Chinese Communist Party who have received this people's decoration.

IT WAS not until I, as a member of the Indian Congress Medical Mission, had stayed and worked eight months in Yenan that I was ordered to proceed to the field-headquarters of the Eighth Route Army somewhere in southeastern Shansi to work on Chu Teh's front.

We journeyed on for one and a half months over rivers and hills, along roads and tracks, on horseback or on foot, dodging the enemy here and crossing his line of communication there, and arrived weary and footsore in an obscure village in southeast Shansi by Christmas of 1939.

Hardly had we had time to rest and gulp down a cup of hot, refreshing green tea to warm us, than we were informed that Gen. Chu Teh was eager to see us immediately.

We turned the earflaps of our padded caps down to protect our ears from the biting cold and rode off fifteen *li* (five miles) to the field-headquarters.

While tying the horses to the trees we noticed an elderly but robust man in a shabby cotton-padded uniform coming with a grin from the hut. He extended his right hand. We first thought that he was a cook from the general's kitchen—for he was far from the idea we had formed of the general from the thousands of lithographs and drawings we had seen pasted on the walls of caves and huts.

The Chief of the Health Department, Dr. Hsu, who had accompanied us, hurriedly stepped in to introduce him as General Chu Teh. I was so dazed that I hardly felt Chu Teh's firm and warm grip as he shook my hand.

We were led into the small courtyard bounded on all four sides by four tile-roofed peasant huts. The hut facing north was occupied by General Chu. That facing west was occupied by the peasant host whose children peeped at our unfamiliar faces.

Chu Teh's bedroom-office was sparsely furnished. A raised earthen structure, called a *k'ang*, was at one end on which his bedding and sheepskin were neatly folded. At the other end was a big home-made table, a couple of chairs with loose legs and a stout bench, while the mud walls on all sides were covered with large-scale maps of North China with Japanese-occupied cities and lines marked in red ink.

After formal congratulations for the successful end to our dangerous journey and expressions of gratitude to the Indian people (for it was he in 1937 who had appealed to the Indian National Congress for medical supplies and men), he remarked with a twinkle in his eyes: "You will have a better life here than in Yenan"; and he offered us Japanese cigarettes. His orderly served Japanese coffee: "Of course, we capture Japanese supplies very often."

He agreed with us that we were very lucky to be allowed to come to the Eighth Route Army front behind the Japanese rear—especially so because we were Indians. "What do you think of —after a time—leading a detachment of Eighth Route Army veterans to India to teach young Indian revolutionaries how to fight for their national revolution?" he asked.

Then gradually the discussion turned to the role of guerrilla warfare in the struggle for liberation of the people.

"Conditions are very similar in India," he remarked. "Some day you will have to wage guerrilla warfare against the British imperialists." Dr. Kotnis and I nodded, but Dr. Atal remarked: "It is all right for poorly developed colonial countries. In India where we have extensive modern communication lines—it will be very hard to wage guerrilla warfare." Chu Teh retorted: "It is even possible in Europe or any other advanced country because it does not depend upon the lines of communication, but basically it depends upon the people." When I recall those forceful words today—five and a half years later—I cannot but wonder how prophetic they were!

GREAT was his emotion on the evening of January 1, 1940, when he welcomed us in a mass meeting on behalf of the Eighth Route Army. On a frozen, open field a makeshift stage had been erected. Dozens of charcoal braziers in front were warming our benumbed hands and feet while thousands of Eighth Route Army men sat imme-

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diately behind, shouting welcome greetings.

We too were moved at the spectacle, and at this meeting we also paid homage to the Canadian hero, Dr. Bethune, the veteran of the International Brigade who died while working, fighting, serving with the Eighth Route Army.

". . . We are not fighting alone against the hated enemy. Our beloved Dr. Bethune sacrificed his life fighting shoulder to shoulder with us. He was one of Canada's best sons—a true representative of the freedom-loving people of Canada. Now look, these three Indian friends, crossing thousands of weary miles, have come to fight by our side. They are the representatives of the Indian National Congress, the biggest national organization of India.

"Why have the Indian people sent them here? For the reason that their battle for freedom and ours are the same—against the imperialist oppressors. . . . Just think, comrades—450,000,000 Chinese together with 400,000,000 Indians marching together, hand in hand, to break the chains of their age-old slavery and ultimately free themselves—allied with the free Soviet people. That will make more than half the population of the world free and prosperous, and when this becomes a fact—then *Ssu ching Ban Hao la!* (things will be well-managed!)"

At the close of the meeting, the headquarters' theatrical unit showed a pantomime shadow play consisting of three scenes. India prostrate and in agony—China in a similar state; gradually they come closer—hold arms, help each other, rise up and smash the oppressors.

I felt Chu Teh watching us all the time by the soft glow of the brazier.

Stories of Chu Teh's forthrightness are often told by his followers. Once a high Kuomintang official who came to his headquarters remarked that General Chu Teh was all right, but many of his officers and men were not good. Chu Teh rose up and thundered: "Well, if I am good, my whole army is good; and if some of my officers and men are bad, then I am bad too!"

After staying a couple of months at Chu Teh's headquarters, Dr. Kotnis and I felt refreshed and invigorated, but Dr. Atal fared badly; the bitter climate and the rigors of existence behind the Japanese lines affected his health; finally he decided to return to India and ordered us to accompany him, as he was responsible for our safety. We refused—saying we wanted to stay longer, learn more. The argument went on for a long time. In the end we all three of us agreed to ask Chu Teh to decide.

Chu Teh listened intently to all the details of our argument. But when he heard Dr. Atal say that, as leader of the mission, he ordered the two of us to return to India with him, he spoke up sharply, addressing Dr. Atal:

"You are a veteran revolutionary—you worked all your life to bring independence to India. Why do you want India to be free? Because the British imperialists do not give your people democracy. If by giving 'orders' you treat your people in the same way as your British masters, then why should the people take you as their leader? So far as these two are concerned, they have expressed their willingness to stay and they will stay. As for you, as you cannot stay, I will make all arrangements to enable you to reach the rear. As for your responsibility for these boys, well, won't you trust me as their guardian?"

Thus ended to the satisfaction of all of us the problem which we could not solve by ourselves.

"Is it sharp enough?"

CHU TEH did not look young, although he had an ideal physique—a robust five-foot-six-inch figure with all the agility of a youth. In fact, among the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party, he least needed medical help.

As the days passed by, the lines in Chu's big face became more deep. It was not a case of advancing age, but the constant worries and anxieties caused by the stifling blockade of the Border Region by the anti-Communist troops of General Hu Tsungnan, Commander of the Kuomintang armies blockading the Border Region.

"Those swine would not even let in medical supplies." General Chu Teh remarked bitterly when he heard the report that General Hu's troops in Sian had confiscated six tons of medical

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"I don't understand why some people are so upset over the atom bomb."

supplies meant for the Eighth Route Army, a donation from friends abroad through Madam Sun Yat-sen.

At this critical moment he took over the job of the economic reconstruction of the Border Region. Large-scale industrial planning and agricultural production began in earnest. Mr. Martel Hall, manager of the National City Bank of New York, who fled from Peiping with the help of the Eighth Route Army, on his way to the US passed through Yenan. He met Gen. Chu Teh one day and discussed the financial affairs of the Border Region. "The old man is not only a military genius but also an economic expert," he remarked to me in amazement.

ABOUT half a mile away from the north gate of Yenan city, there is a small orchard. This area is called Wang Chia Ping and beyond the orchard at the foot of the hill is the headquarters of the Eighth Route Army and the residence of Gen. Chu Teh and his Chief of Staff, Gen. Yeh Chien-ying. Three caves for each—one bedroom, one study and conference room, and the middle one intercommunicated with the other two—the visitors' room, fitted with some furniture.

This room at mealtime became the dining room. Any visitor becomes a guest by the unwritten Chinese code and shares whatever meals have been prepared. We sometimes joined in the simple meals of rice, steamed bread and vegetables, and more rarely, some bits of meat.

But it was not so when his wife Kang Ke-ching was at home. She was studying in the Central Committee School and came home only on holidays and Sundays. Then she would rummage in the kitchen and prepare delicious Szechuanese dishes. Both husband and wife are from Szechuan and one can instantly recognize them from the peculiar Szechuan twang in their speech. Kang Ke-ching looks much younger than her age and is a heroine in her own right. In the civil war days she led many successful campaigns with her regiment. Scars from bullet and shrapnel have left their marks on her.

Chu Teh is a conscientious toiler. If he feels he is defective in a certain subject, you are sure to see the midnight lamp burning in his room and slowly and surely he surpasses others. He is never impatient or angry. It is a very common sight to see him patting some young impatient worker saying: *"Ma-Mandi Lai—Tungze!"* (Slowly, slowly, Comrade).

We used to particularly enjoy Chu Teh's dancing. To keep himself physically fit—he would regularly play basketball. At the height of the play, you could not recognize in that cloud of dust and sweat who was the commander-in-chief but at the conclusion he always complained that he was seldom charged while carrying the ball!

It was only after long and patient talks which Chu Teh gave to me and my friend Ali from Java that we were convinced that united and active participation in anti-fascist struggle alone could bring liberty to all peoples, including the Indian people. The fury of repression unleashed in India maddened us and our minds became clouded. Our first thought was how to avenge ourselves on the immediate enemy of our people. On the other hand, we were acutely conscious of the anti-fascist traditions of our national movement (we personally embodied it by fighting with China against Japan).

At one stage of the talk as I remarked that the enchained Indian people could not fight Japanese aggression, he soothed me, saying: *"Ba Taifu,* don't become so subjective and emotional; we are Communist patriots, who must always try to be objective and scientific in our outlook!

"Don't you know," he continued, "how we have fought the enemies of our people for the last two decades? Sometimes we had to make alliance with our bitterest foes in order to defeat the stronger and more menacing enemy. It is not a very happy thing to talk like that. Ultimately our forces always come out strengthened. The revolutionary movement never travels along a straight, narrow road; it traces a zigzag course depending upon the situation —sometimes in alliance, in open conflict at other times.

"In India your revolutionary forces are still comparatively weak, you cannot fight two monster reactionary giants at the same time; but if you defeat one, then you will gain the strength to destroy the other. Close your ranks with us, with the peoples of all other countries fighting against this blackest reaction of our era. You will thereby emerge a stronger force and together with our help you will win your freedom."

He also hammered: "You see, your first weakness is that you lack military training. Second you lack arms. Defend your country against the Japanese invasion with all your resources. The rest will take care of itself." And he always ended with a confident smile: "When three of the five remaining imperialist powers are crushed—*Ssuching Banhaola* —affairs have been well managed. The other two?—*Bu-cheng wenti*—not a big problem."

The China of old, prostrate at the feet of the imperialists, is no more; the great sleeping giant has awakened and is standing on its feet, to march to freedom and prosperity.

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TRUMAN'S BOMB POLICY

By WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

Both William Z. Foster's and Hans Berger's articles were written before Prime Minister Attlee arrived here for conferences with President Truman on the atomic bomb. Yet what Foster and Berger have to say are pertinent to the Anglo-American discussions. They raise issues which the country as a whole must face and face quickly if the disposition of the bomb is not to be left solely to the power politicians or to such limited and narrow meetings as those that have been taking place on the Potomac. The character of these conferences as well as the fact that only two leading powers of the coalition are participating intensifies fear and suspicion throughout the world that an Anglo-American combination is in the making which cannot solve the basic problems of the peace. If anything such an alliance, whatever the pretty words and platitudes that embroider it, jeopardizes collective security by undermining coalition unity and coalition policy.—The Editors.

IN HIS Navy Day speech President Truman once again stated his policy that the secret of the atom bomb must remain within the exclusive control of the United States. Mr. Truman undertook to assure the world that this murderous war weapon is safe in the hands of this country and that, therefore, the rest of humanity should dismiss its fears on the matter and leave the bomb entirely to us.

Said the President, "The possession in our hands of the new power of destruction we regard as a sacred trust. Because of our love of peace, the thoughtful people of the world know that that trust will not be violated, that it will be faithfully executed." To further reassure peoples of other countries, Mr. Truman compared his twelve points of foreign policy with the Ten Commandments. He said also that "The foreign policy of the United States is based firmly on the fundamental principles of righteousness and justice." "Our American policy," Mr. Truman continued, "is a policy of friendly partnership with all peaceful nations, and of full support for the United Nations Organization." And the first of his twelve points of a program of foreign policy declares, "We seek no territorial expansion or selfish advantage. We have no plans of aggression against any other state, large or small. We have no objectives which need clash with the peaceful aims of any other country."

It is indeed a very great assumption that the President makes: that our country is so fundamentally peaceful and so very unselfish in its relations with other peoples that it, rather than the United Nations, should be designated the custodian of the deadly atom bomb. But will the peoples of the world accede to this proclamation of self-righteousness on our part?

ARE WE AN ULTRA-PEACEFUL NATION?

THE advocates of the plan that the United States shall retain control of the atom bomb make very much of the assertion, as the President does, that our whole history shows us that our country and its ruling class are profoundly peaceful. The notion is that we, unlike the warlike nations of the rest of the world, never meddle aggressively in the affairs of other nations, and we never fight unless we are attacked by designing powers. Therefore, the world is asked to rest quite content in delegating the control of the atom bomb to such a fundamentally peaceful nation as ours.

Now all such argumentation, which is widely accepted by Americans, is very flattering to us as a people. Unfortunately, however, it does not correspond to the facts of our history. Actually, as a nation we have been anything but the spotless virgin of pacifism that those who want exclusive American control of the atom bomb would like to have us and the rest of the world believe. On the contrary, our national history is full of examples of American military aggressiveness. We are a bold, pushing nation, and we have never hesitated to take up arms to fight actively for our national interests or for those causes which our ruling classes were able to convince us were in the interest of the nation. Consequently, our national history is thickly interlarded with wars, many of them distinctly on the aggressive side. It is a myth, the belief that the United States is a peculiarly pacific nation.

E. Miller.

During the first half of our national existence three of our wars, all militantly fought, were justified wars. These were the War of Independence, which established the Republic; the War of 1812, which clinched the right of our new nation to live despite the world-tyrant, Great Britain; and the Civil War, which abolished slavery and laid the economic and political basis for a swift growth of our national life. Although these were just wars, they were all fought with such vigor that surely our enemies had no grounds for believing that we were notably a pacifist people.

Besides the foregoing, we have had a whole series of other wars, these definitely aggressive in character. First, there may be mentioned the innumerable Indian wars, extending over 150 years, and during which the white man, in one of the most ruthless drives in world history, shattered the red man's society, impounded him in a few scattered reservations, and seized a continent's control. Then there was the Mexican War of 1848. This was a war of naked conquest, in which the rapidly expanding United States simply tore away from Mexico the rich prize of Texas and the Southwest.

The Spanish-American War of 1898 was also a war of aggression on our part. Although historically, the elimination of the rotten Spanish empire from this continent and the Far East was a step forward; nevertheless, we satisfied our budding imperialist ambitions by stripping Spain of the Philippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico, and gobbling them up ourselves, a course which provoked a resistance among these peoples which still continues: also in our record of aggressive wars were the many armed incursions we made during the following thirty years into various Latin American

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countries, including Panama, Mexico, Haiti, Nicaragua, etc. These warlike attacks upon our weaker neighbors to the south of us, not to mention our general political policy of interference in the internal affairs of Latin America generally, have by no means cultivated in these peoples the conviction that the United States, by grace of its inherent pacifism, has been chosen by history for exclusive control over the atom bomb.

Then there was our active role in World War I. This was a titanic struggle among the great imperialist powers, including the United States, for a redivision of the world to suit themselves. While Germany was actually the military aggressor, the other big powers definitely shared in the responsibility for precipitating the war by their imperialistic maneuverings for power. The United States emerged as the real capitalist victor in this great war. It was transformed from a debtor to a creditor nation, and generally it was given a big impetus on its imperialist course of development.

Finally, there was our part in the great World War only now concluded. While this was a just war, a war of national liberation, and a fight of the peoples of the world against fascist enslavement, this fact must not, however, make us ignore the war's imperialist beginnings. It was preceded by a whole series of imperialist plottings among the great powers, in which maneuverings the United States played an active part. The world has not forgotten the deadly appeasement of Hitlerite Germany and military Japan, which set the world stage for World War II. All through the war, too, although the American people fought to destroy the fascist monster, the great monopolies and trusts of our country never lost sight of their imperialist interests. And now that the war has been won, these elements are trying to rob the world's peoples of their democratic victory and turn it into a triumph for American imperialism.

HAVE WE A NON-AGGRESSIVE FOREIGN POLICY?

With the foregoing hastily sketched war record of national expansion and aggressive imperialism behind us, it is indeed assuming a bit too much, as Mr. Truman and others do, to expect that the nations of the world should look upon the United States, with its supposedly inherent pacifism, as the history-chosen sole guardian of the atom bomb secret for the protection of all mankind.

Nor are these nations inspired to place confidence in us as the atom bomb trustees any more by our present foreign policies than they are by our aggressive war record as a people. It is simply absurd to expect the peoples of the world to believe President Truman when he declares that American foreign policy "is based firmly on the fundamental principles of righteousness and justice" and that we have no other desire than to further the general welfare of humanity all over the globe. For these peoples must observe the fact, which is as plain as a pikestaff, that the United States, which has emerged from this war as the most powerful capitalist country in the world, is now busily trying to utilize its great strength, in the face of the war-weakened condition of many other countries, to maneuver itself into a position to enforce its imperial will throughout the world.

In whichever direction one turns the imperialist policy of the United States is manifest. There was Mr. Truman's Navy Day speech, which despite its unctuous platitudes, served clear notice upon the world that henceforth the United States government, breaking with the cooperative policies associated with the name of Roosevelt, is committed to a policy of American expansion. There is the eternal boasting in the press and on the radio that the United States is now the strongest country in the world and is, in fact, leading the world. There are also such policies as those of "getting tough" with the USSR, intervening in the Chinese civil war, attempting to recreate the notorious *cordon sanitaire* of reactionary states along the borders of the USSR, protecting the interests of reactionary forces in Germany and Japan, etc. And the attempt to monopolize the atom bomb and to use it to menace the world is, in itself, an imperialist move of major significance.

The peoples of the world would indeed be politically blind if they did not recognize the foregoing and many other American foreign policies as so many facets of the present very vigorous push of American imperialism for a position of world dominance. And such a recognition on their part is certainly not going to encourage them to leave the vitally important atom bomb to the exclusive control of the United States.

WORLD CONTROL OF THE ATOM BOMB IMPERATIVE

The whole logic of the situation is that other nations, instead of calmly relegating the control of the atom bomb to the world's greatest imperialist power, one that is now clearly striving for world domination, will spare no means to get control of the atom bomb themselves.

On the one hand they will strive to have the United Nations secure jurisdiction over the bomb, and on the other hand they will, if they have sufficient resources, bend every effort toward manufacturing the bomb themselves. Great Britain is already moving on both these fronts, and it is hardly likely that the USSR is asleep on the matter.

The attempt of the United States to monopolize the atom bomb, a major weapon of offense, is supremely reactionary. It is a great damage to our national interest as well as to that of the rest of the world. It is a major cause for the present crisis in the United Nations, and this crisis threatens to become graver unless the United States shows internationally a more cooperative attitude regarding the atom bomb and its own foreign policies generally.

The effort of this country to keep the bomb solely in its own possession is a profound vote of no-confidence in our former war allies and also a heavy blow at the whole structure and future of the United Nations.

The Truman bomb policy is as stupid as it is reactionary. The hopes of the imperialists that they can exercise their atom bomb control over a period of at least five or ten years, during which time they plan to reorganize the world to suit their own greedy interests, are as futile as a house built on sand. As for the so-called secret of the bomb remaining unknown for any considerable length of time, this is ridiculous. The other great powers very probably have already mastered the "secret," or are on the eve of doing so. And as for the supposed prohibitive cost of producing the bomb (in our case $2,000,000,000) as a bar to its production by other nations, this too, like the time element, will prove an illusion. Indeed, many experts are now saying that countries desiring to manufacture the bomb, if they profit from our pioneering experience, could do so for one-fifth, or less, of what we spent.

Obviously, therefore, the atom bomb must be internationalized, placed under the control of the Security Council, and completely outlawed as a weapon of war. The scientists of the United States, almost unanimous in this stand, are profoundly correct. So are the CIO and many other progressive organizations

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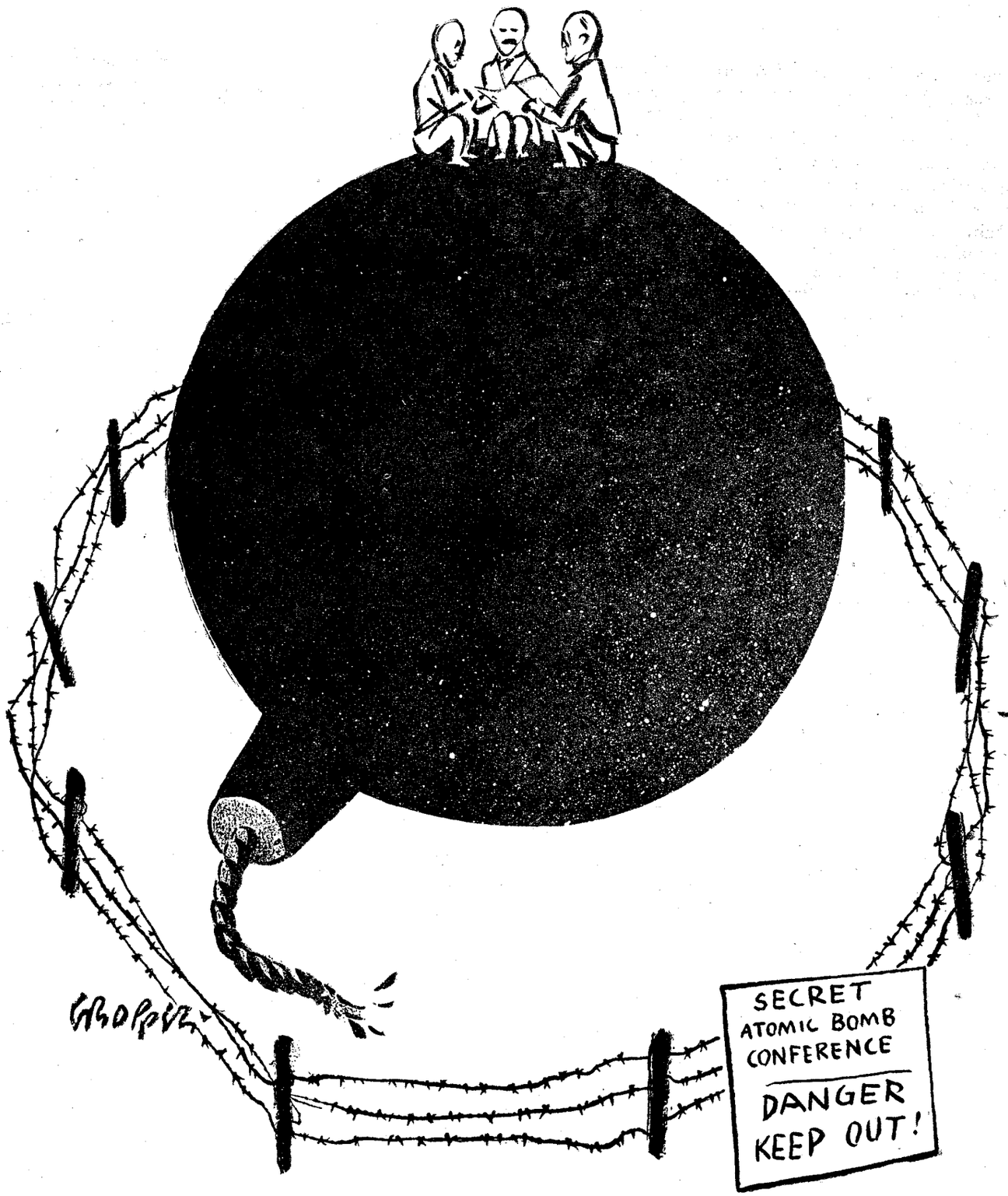

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and individuals who think likewise. The alternative to internationalizing the atom bomb is to create an acute world situation which might well ruin the prospects for democracy, peace and prosperity for which this great war was fought. The money-mad imperialists of this country must not be allowed to use the atom bomb as a weapon in their ruthless drive for world dominion. The American people must let their powerful voice be heard in this decisive matter. The fight to control the atom bomb, whether for war by a handful of power-hungry monopolists, or for peace by the organized peoples of the world, is one of the most fateful struggles of our revolutionary times.

ATOMIZING AMERICA'S MIND

By HANS BERGER

THE overwhelming mass of American soldiers want to come home. If anything this burning desire expresses a fundamental will to peace and the understanding that the job of being a soldier has been well done. That plus the readiness of American workers to fight for their rights against the tyrants of big business are the two most hopeful signs in America at present. However, it would be utter folly to overlook the gravity of the current internal scene. The blunt truth is that the country is being morally prepared for a war against the Soviet Union and for imperialist aggression generally.

That preparation is the outcome of American foreign policy. You can see it expressed in a dozen different ways but particularly in the way in which the government is handling the atomic bomb. The question still remains as to why the bomb is being kept a secret and from whom is it being kept a secret. And no matter how you look at it the fact emerges that the bomb is being kept a secret from the Russians on the assumption that they would attack us if they had it. As long as there are no guarantees that they will not, then the atomic bomb must be closely guarded from becoming known to them. To hint, as did Dr. Irving Langmuir befor a Senate Committee, that the USSR would use the bomb against us; to say, as did Rep. Eugene Cox, that we cannot live side by side with the Russians and therefore the atomic bomb must be kept from them—all this and more represents the most dangerous poisoning of American minds against the Soviet Union.

The fact is that this policy of poisoning minds already has borne certain results. I have had the occasion recently to talk with several people who are not informed politically and who do not read between the lines of their newspapers and who accept literally the statements of Secretary Byrnes and President Truman. I am astounded by what they say in connection with the atomic bomb. They are horrified by its destructive possibilities but they also believe in secrecy and they repeat the remarks of a Langmuir and a Cox in one way or another. Imagine what will happen if this insidious propaganda and this provocative talk should take hold of the broad masses of the American people and if they believed that the Soviet Union is a potential danger.

Is it not clear that the imperialist adventurers, the disciples of the American Century, could cover their anti-Soviet moves under the pretext of preventing an atomic bomb attack from the Soviet Union? Is it not clear that this organized fear of an atomic bomb attack could play the role of the "Jew" in Hitler's policy of aggression? Is it not clear that in this atmosphere every outburst of hysteria, every prejudice would find fertile breeding ground? And finally, is it not clear that in such an artificially created atmosphere fascist and semi-fascist movements could thrive and exploit the fear of the bomb against anyone who would try to fight the warmongers and the anti-Sovieteers?

The Americans are not Germans. They cannot be bribed into war as were the Germans by promising them the booty of aggression and the servitude of all nations. But if the hypocritical and detestable atom bomb propaganda against "X"—and everybody knows who "X" is—grips Americans then who could be sure that Americans would resist an atom bomb attack against the "totalitarian" Soviet Union under the pretext of stopping one by it on us? The responsibility of progressives in halting this madness right at the beginning is tremendous. Germany provided an example of what happens if it is not nipped in the bud.

AND another question. Why, when millions are discussing the atom bomb in relation to the Soviet Union, has the American government not forcefully declared that all the chatter and all the slander about a potential atom bomb attack by the Soviets is the work of either tools or of warmongers? Is it because the government is the prisoner of its fatal mistake—a mistake recognized more and more by all far-sighted men—its decision to keep the bomb a secret? Does Mr. Byrnes perhaps need such an atmosphere in order to justify the break with Roosevelt's foreign policy? Could it be that the Secretary of State wants the poison to spread to uncritical minds in order to have a smoother road towards his imperialist objectives?

Whatever it is—and the reasons are complex—the fact remains that Americans are being reeducated to fear the Soviet Union and this is being done at full speed. What a dangerous business this is! For it leads to a trap set by American imperialists who say: "Today we have the atom bomb and tomorrow the world."

ALL this nonsense would disappear almost completely if the administration would speak up and declare its readiness to come to an agreement with the Soviet Union on sharing the atomic "secrets," on outlawing the use of atomic weapons and on a common front against anyone who might use these weapons. What better proof would there be of peaceful intentions and of mutual trust and friendship? How quickly such a move would restore the confidence of the world's most powerful countries in each other! How quickly would be eliminated the impression that the United States is everywhere an adversary of the Soviet Union.

Such a policy on the part of the United States would mean an end to dreams of an American Century. It would mean a recognition that this century belongs to the common man and that atomic energy must be used to benefit him instead of destroying him. The decision has to be made now and only enormous, unrelenting pressure can make it in favor of peace and allied unity.

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SALT AND PEPPER . . . By JOEL BRADFORD

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

"All men by nature desire to know," wrote Aristotle, who knew how to begin at the beginning. I am willing to believe that this is true of human nature as yet unmoulded by capitalist society. But after conditioning, the man is different. Voluntary ignorance, when total, is the mark of a storm trooper; voluntary ignorance, when partial, used to be the protection of scientists.

Ten years ago, when fascism began to make its giant strides, it was as difficult to lure scientists out of their laboratories as to lure artists out of their studios. What, leave the regions of impartial study and discoverable truth to enter those of conflict, prejudice and doubt? Science is international; science has no class; science takes no sides. Science's task is to state the chemistry of explosion. Whether explosions should benefit the oppressed or their oppressors is a moral question, and may safely be left to philosophers and faddists.

When a scientist did emerge into the publicity of journals and the press, it was to utter the most preposterous social myths. A specialist on quantum mechanics would announce that the universe is a divine, ideal equation, and that therefore there could be no substance to labor's "materialistic" wish for higher wages. An expert on cosmic rays would solemnly denounce the "atheistical" tendencies of Marxism. A biologist would be heard to murmur something about "inferior stocks." Then came the interlude of war, when everyone stuck to his muttons. Now the thing has begun again, but with an enormous difference.

First, let us examine the remarks made before a Senate sub-committee by Dr. Irving Langmuir, associate director of the research laboratories of the General Electric Company. Dr. Langmuir, I have no doubt, understands the atom bomb, but his knowledge of society is something less than accurate. He spoke at some length about curbs on incentive, and what do you suppose the curbs were? Anti-trust laws, taxation, civil service laws, veteran preference in giving employment, social security laws, labor unions, and attacks on the patent system. This list includes every major gain won by the people in their long battle against monopoly. The implication was that, unless these "curbs" are removed, scientists will have nothing to spur them on.

Dr. Langmuir based himself upon the view that security is incompatible with incentive. The notion is that once men are secure, they become lazy. Now, I don't know Dr. Langmuir's salary, but I imagine it approaches security, as security goes under capitalism. What keeps Dr. Langmuir working, then? What tickles him into the creation of these marvelous social concepts? I will do him the justice to say that I think he is subject to a great many incentives, more perhaps than any analyst could well discover. But one of them surely is that his security comes to him in the form of a salary contract, which is capable of being terminated. Dr. Langmuir has to work (and work in certain ways!) so that there will be another salary contract and therefore continued security.

In short, security is itself an incentive. It is so, because it is not a static condition which, when attained, immobilizes the attainer. Security has to be kept up by the efforts of every member of society, and it will dissolve and disappear if they shirk their labor. These are elementary truths, and it is absurd to have to point them out to a trained intelligence. It is not only absurd, but appalling, that scientists capable of such social ignorance should have anything to do with mechanisms which can destroy, in one salvo, the lives of 40,000,000 people.

These, however, are not the only scientists there are. Another and a nobler breed, the very creators of the atomic bomb, have broken through all barriers between the public and themselves to advocate international control of this new power. In them science is at last joined with social responsibility. The transformation of uranium into plutonium is not itself more epoch-making. And if the scientist now realizes himself a man among other men, can we not see in this some portion of the great fact that a power which can kill us all or enrich us all will, whether it kills or enriches, make us all one?

The whole effect is extraordinary. Private enterprise could not create this power, but had to rely upon governmental—that is to say, social—management. Private enterprise cannot use this power beneficially, but must hide it or use it for death. The power itself is at one and the same time a common peril and a common hope. It unites us, the people, who do not yet control it; and it divides our masters, who do. The basic alternative of life with social control or individualist anarchy with death is much clearer than ever before. It will state itself in various ways in every consciousness. What once was theory and doctrine will become part of every breath we draw, who still live and do not wish to die.

The enemy is strong, and we are leaderless. It is not in the nature of history that we shall remain so. Imperialists have only feeble cant wherewith to excuse their infinite rapacity and their sedulous subversion of peace. They are only the apprentices who cannot control the power they have invoked. But we can prove ourselves the true sorcerers, and the future shall see such magic as never touched acropolis or pyramid or basilica.

A dream? It may be. A wish? It is. A reality? That is for you and me to decide.

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FEUDS AMONG THE FASCISTS

By DOROTHY ROBERTS

This is the fourth and concluding article in a series on the plottings of America's fifth column front. The first article by Harold Preece, Southern writer, dealt with the Ku Klux Klan. The second and third articles, written by Miss Roberts, a midwest newspaper woman, told the inside story of a fifth column convention in Detroit, camouflaged as the Congress of Monetary Organizations.

WHEN fuehrers fall out, somebody gets the bones and somebody gets the gravy. Three rival groups inside the American fifth-column movement see a big gravy-train a-coming in a postwar America where possibly mass unemployment may cause a scarcity of gravy on the dinner table. These groups are ex-Senator Robert Rice Reynolds' American Nationalist Party (which may soon blossom out under a shorter name), with headquarters in Washington; a second group led by Homer Maertz, Chicago stormtrooper aided and abetted by indicted seditionists Gerald Winrod, Ernest Elmhurst and by the formerly indicted Hudson de Priest; Gerald L. K. Smith's "nationalist" movement operating from Detroit. Leaders of each group are getting set to ride that train into Washington at the expense of other would-be top dogs left to gnaw the bones.

As I write this, I feel a little like one of Dante's spirits who has climbed his way out of Inferno back into the everyday world where everyday people go about their daily rounds of work and food and sleep. It's good to be back in a decent community of people who work hard, get along with their neighbors, and borrow each other's lawnmowers. When the taxi brought me to my door, after an extended visit into the fifth column underworld, something warmed my heart when I saw my three-year-old Scotch-Irish kid rolling and tumbling with the children of Mr. Goldstein, the grocer, and Mr. Bellini, the candy man. When I started poking around the headquarters of the rival fuehrers, bound by hate if divided by ambition, I thought that America was as safe as the kids who raid my cookie jar while I'm banging away at the typewriter.

I'm not so sure now.

I can say, after cozy sessions with one gutter magnifico after the other, that America's margin of safety is dangerously slim. Even before V-J Day we might have been faced with the beginnings of a united fascist mass movement if that key organization of the fifth column, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, could have persuaded all of the warring little Hitlers that the train would carry plenty of gravy for everybody.

"Our biggest headache is getting everybody together without making it seem that we are especially favoring anybody," a Klan leader told me in Detroit. "Each one of the big boys has a pretty good opinion of himself and feels that he was just naturally meant to be the man. It's gotten so bad that each one is sending people into the other fellow's organization, hoping to take it over or, at least, to pull it into line with his particular outfit. The little local outfits, which we had no trouble in lining up before, are slow about coming into one big organization now. With the boys bidding against each other, most of the little outfits are waiting to see where they'll get the highest percentage when they jump.

"The same thing is happening in the churches, the fraternal lodges, and the trade unions where a united 'nationalist' movement could make some headway by combining on a platform and a leadership which would appeal to 100 percent American elements. Gerald L. K. Smith went out to California and lined up the leadership of the Ham and Eggs Pension Movement behind his Nationalist Party, which made all the other boys sore. Now, he's trying to do the same thing with certain people in the Townsend Movement where our organization has been working for a long time. Worst of all, we fear that he's going to start public attacks on all the other 'nationalist' leaders when we're breaking our necks to keep any differences between us out of the papers."

MEANWHILE, the three competing groups remind one of suspicious tomcats eyeing the same piece of meat with any two of them arched to spring on any third member of the pack moving an inch toward the prize. The Ku Klux Klan, hiding its tar buckets and three cornered bonnets shaped like a dunce's cap from the public eye, has been working feverishly since 1938 to set up a catch-all fascist movement with jobs for all the boys knowing how to handle brass knuckles and a lie. In 1938, its move to combine all the major and minor fascist movements behind retired Army General George Van Horn Moseley fizzled when it was exposed by some honest newspaperman. Moseley is still hanging around Atlanta where the Klan has its national headquarters and, so it is said, still confers with Imperial Wizard James E. Colescott. I saw the aging general at a stock exchange watching cotton quotations being posted on a bulletin board, when I was in the Georgia capital city a few months ago. But he's not likely to be anybody's man on horseback because, as one of his intimate friends told me, "He's getting too damned old to ride a horse."

Age—plus too many marriages—is a main argument being advanced by fascists in and out of the Klan against ex-Senator Robert Rice Reynolds of North Carolina, current fuehrer of the American Nationalist Party, which represents a merger of an old Yorkville head-busting outfit of the same name with the Klan's united front of seventy-two fascist organizations, the American Nationalist Confederation. Recently a number of minor fascist rackets, which had operated under various names in Queens County, New York, have also joined up. The ANP is organized into close-mouthed, highly-disciplined units of ten potential head-busters each. But local fifth column leaders, who would have the job of building up the Big Man in their communities, are pretty lukewarm to the idea of having Reynolds run as the fascist candidate for President in the next national election.

"Hell's bells, he'll be almost seventy when 1948 rolls around," an ANP local leader in Queens told me. "And he's out on a limb with no way of crawling back. We're counting on the support of lots of people who'd turn against us in a minute if they thought that we were copying the fascists in Germany and Italy. Our cue is that we are loyal Americans, see, and that we don't want the Jews to take over our country after we've whipped the Germans, Japs, and Italians. But all that our enemies would have to do would be to reprint the speeches that Reynolds made in the Senate praising Hitler and Mussolini and saying that they had 'a date with destiny.' Neither would that trip he made

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to Germany and Italy before Pearl Harbor help us or him.

"Besides, how could you sell a man who married the Hope Diamond heiress to another man who can't buy his wife a fifteen-dollar wristwatch on the installment plan?" (Reynolds' latest wife is the daughter of Evalyn Walsh McLean, hostess of Washington's "Cliveden set.")

The ANP man confided to me a major piece of strategy. "Oh, yeah, we tell the boys who've come into the party that Reynolds is a great guy—now. But some of us have long heads and we look upon Reynolds as being just a short-time proposition until we can build up a man with a military record who'll be able to carry the vets along with him and sweep the country. If your man out in front has had on a uniform, you can simply shut up critics by calling them slackers. The voters will reason that nobody who has fought Hitler is likely to turn out to be a Hitler."

THE Maertz - de Priest - Elmhurst group dominated the Detroit fascist front convention which I described in my previous two articles. This group represents the wing of the fascist movement which wants to run "nationalist" candidates in the primaries of the old parties as a prerequisite for building opposition blocs which can eventually be swung in favor of a fascist third party. Maertz, the brains of the group, feels that it is premature to combine all the fascist forces behind one leader until that leader—probably a high-ranking general or at least an ex-soldier—can be definitely identified by his hold on the popular imagination.

The Klan, which is not tied up with any group but seeks to unite them all, had unofficial representatives at the Detroit gathering. The KKK is not burning any bridges by insisting that Reynolds be the presidential candidate in 1948. It knows how to sweet-talk the ardent followers of Reynolds and how to doubletalk those who are skeptical of Tarheel Bob. The Klan was content at that convention to have Reynolds' man, John Scott, publisher of the New York fascist sheet, *Money*, elected as general secretary of the newly-organized Congress of Monetary Organizations and to have its close friends, indicted seditionist Elmhurst and formerly indicted de Priest, to map strategy. The partisans of Reynolds ganged up with the cohorts of Maertz to prevent Gerald L. K. Smith's lieutenants from grabbing the convention. Smith is now in the position of having to buck both groups in

They Can Be Defeated

WITH this issue NEW MASSES completes the publication of a series on the latest operations and postwar plans of the fifth column underworld. Eleven years ago we first turned the spotlight on the organized anti-Semites and Nazi fronters with a series by John L. Spivak. If there are those who, after all the horror the world has gone through in these eleven years, still think of the Gerald L. K. Smiths and Robert R. Reynolds' as harmless crackpots who cannot pollute the democratic mainstream of American life, the recent spectacle of the newspaper with the largest circulation in the country, the New York *Daily News*, engaging in crude anti-Semitism should provide a sobering reminder of the actual state of affairs.

Throughout this period the attitude of government authorities toward our native fascist threat has been at best complacent. This is a charitable word to describe the failure to bring to book such leaders of Hitler's world conspiracy as Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald Smith, and former Senator Reynolds. And what can be said of last year's sedition trial which the defendants—all of them war criminals—were permitted to convert into a farce?

And while the fascists have been ignored or shielded, the FBI and such Congressional bodies as the Dies Committee and the new Wood-Rankin House Committee on un-American Activities have been busy harassing anti-fascists, Communists as well as non-Communists. All this is ominously familiar. Capitalist democracy in our country is following a pattern which led to the destruction of the people's liberties in Germany and Italy.

Will Attorney General Tom Clark act on this latest evidence presented by NEW MASSES? Will he strike at the Ku Klux Klan which is fomenting pogroms against Jews and Negroes? Will he investigate the phony Congress of Monetary Organizations set up to coordinate the plottings of the fifth column front? Will he retry the indicted seditionists? Will be get after the big business sponsors and subsidizers of the peddlers of race hate and violence?

These are some of the questions Americans ought to ask the Attorney General. But they must do more than ask questions if our country is not to replace Germany as the bearer of the political bubonic plague. We live in a difficult time of postwar adjustment in a land dominated by the world's most powerful trusts and monopolies. These trusts, having fantastically enriched themselves in the war, are now trying to batten on whatever misery they can create by undermining the labor movement, pitting veterans against workers, reviving Goebbels' Red bugaboo, and spreading hatred of Negroes, Jews and other minority groups. The fifth column plug-uglies are the tools with which the corporate overlords hope to shape their twisted world.

But not all the strength is on the side of reaction. Twenty organizations have banded together to demand the abolition of the Wood-Rankin committee which is just as much an instrument of American fascism as are Gerald Smith's storm troopers. The boycott movement against the *Daily News* has already produced results and needs to be intensified. The Bilbos and Rankins are being increasingly challenged. As Dorothy Roberts writes in concluding the NM series:

"It's up to the labor movement and to progressive organizations everywhere to take up the fight to put the whole fascist kit and caboodle out of business. It must not happen here."

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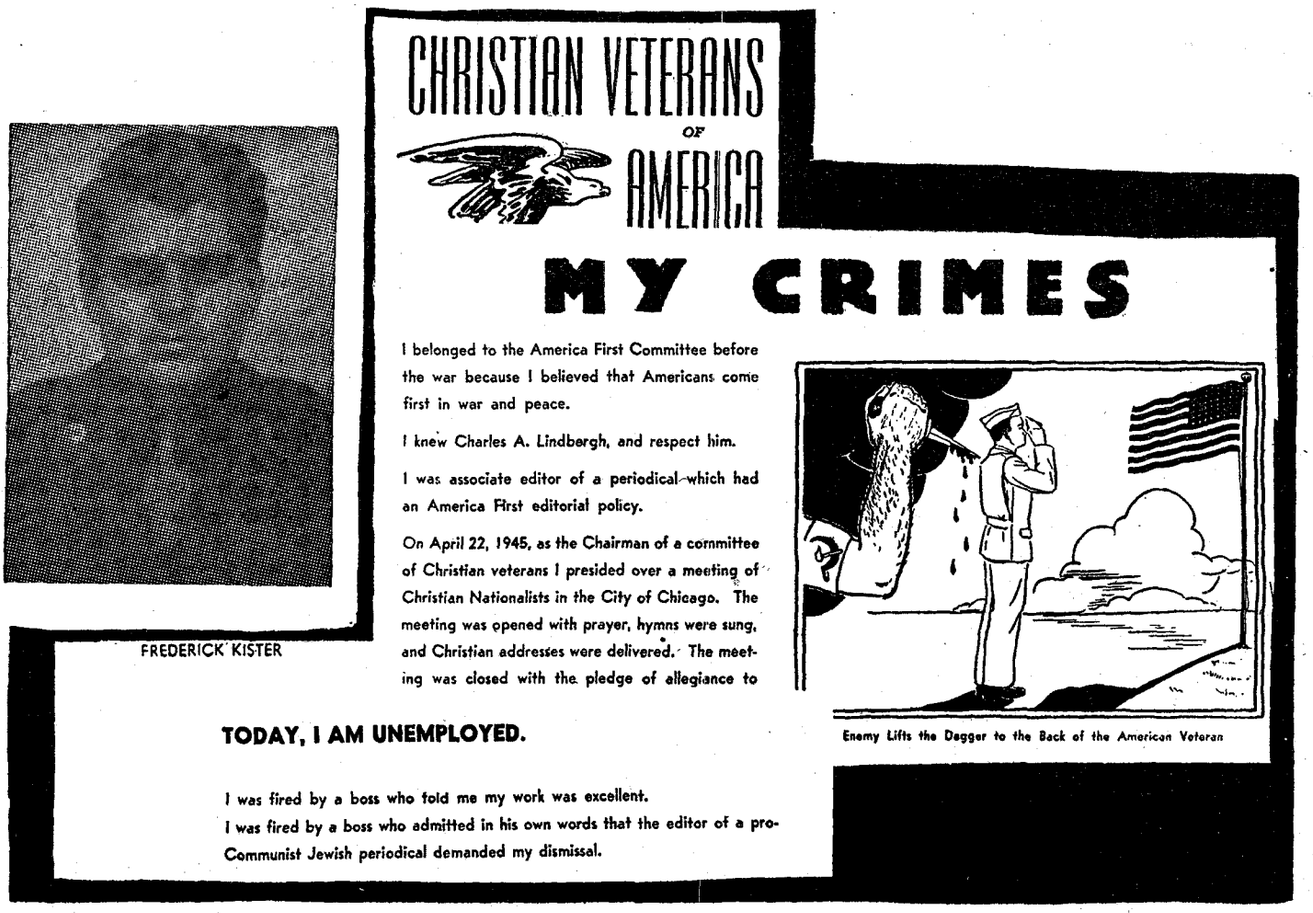
CHRISTIAN VETERANS
OF
AMERICA
MY CRIMES
I belonged to the America First Committee before the war because I believed that Americans come first in war and peace.
I knew Charles A. Lindbergh, and respect him.
I was associate editor of a periodical which had an America First editorial policy.
On April 22, 1945, as the Chairman of a committee of Christian veterans I presided over a meeting of Christian Nationalists in the City of Chicago. The meeting was opened with prayer, hymns were sung, and Christian addresses were delivered. The meeting was closed with the pledge of allegiance to
FREDERICK KISTER
Enemy Lifts the Dagger to the Back of the American Veteran
TODAY, I AM UNEMPLOYED.
I was fired by a boss who told me my work was excellent.
I was fired by a boss who admitted in his own words that the editor of a pro-Communist Jewish periodical demanded my dismissal.

Sample montage of copy from Christian Veterans of America literature.

a three-handed game where two rivals combine for the time being against the man with the low hand.

But the Klan fears that Smith, who calls himself a "liberal nationalist," may start a public smear campaign against Reynolds, damning him as "a rich reactionary out to grind down the poor." Smith's Nationalist Party—the third faction—is looked upon with the least favor by the Kluxer big shots. Smith, the top leadership feels, is too unmanageable, too unpredictable, and—too individualistic. Otherwise, he would have long since come into the united front of subversive rackets which the Klan has tried hard to build. Nevertheless, careful to have a finger in each of the fascist pies, the Klan still keeps on pleasant terms with Gerald. His monthly hate sheet, *The Cross and the Flag*, has become the quasi-official organ of the Klan, given to new recruits for indoctrination, since the knights of the bedsheet suspended their organ, the *Fiery Cross*, in the process of going underground.

WHILE in Detroit, I had the dubious pleasure of attending a social gathering where Smith and his top ranking satellite, evangelist Harvey "Cowboy" Springer, made themselves the life of the party.

"We agree with the Reynolds group on foreign policy only," Smith insisted to a small circle which gathered around him. "Both groups will probably fight enabling legislation for the United Nations charter when such legislation is introduced in Congress. The Charter itself is so weak and meaningless that 'nationalist' Senators didn't even bother to fight against its ratification. The real battle around which 'nationalists' of each group will center their forces will come when the internationalists bring up their enabling legislation. And *that* will be a battle.

"But foreign policy and domestic policy are two different matters. The Reynolds group is too reactionary and too tied up with high finance ever to attract the public."

"What fits your definition of liberalism?" I asked.

A benign smile played across Smith's heavy features. "My definition of liberalism," he said, "is the philosophy taught and practiced by the late Huey P. Long of Louisiana. I helped Senator Long organize the Share Our Wealth Society and I'm trying to carry forward his principles today."

Then Smith gave out his economic panacea with which he hopes to seduce laid-off workers in the days ahead—a phony program of living without working which is simply Huey Long's "Every Man A King" doctrine brought up to date. "Cowboy" Springer uttered a pious amen. Smith continued expounding the Gerald L. K. nostrums, talking in a vein which reminded one of the early promises that Adolf Hitler made to institute "socialism" in Germany.

"We need to reorganize the entire economic system on the basis of production," Smith said unctuously. "Under my plan of profit-sharing, workers would stay on the payroll whether they had jobs or not because they would have produced enough for their country, while working, to be paid their usual salaries. The man who ate potatoes when he was on a payroll would still have the money to buy potatoes while he was staying at home. He would be paid in legal tender, and not in bonds collectible in the future. He would get from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, but not in money raised through taxes."

That was a pretty tall order for one

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guest. "I wouldn't mind drawing fifty, or even twenty-five dollars a week, for staying at home and taking it easy," she said. "But where would the money come from?"

"Well, I'd do the over-all thinking and leave the actual planning to experts," Smith replied hastily. Then, when a titter ran through the group, "American money should be constitutional money and should be based upon how much we can produce. Constitutional money would mean going off the gold standard, and this type of money would be balanced against productive capacity rather than against gold. In this case, funds would be issued directly from the government to the individual. Under such a system, workers would be inspired to work themselves out of jobs and into more leisure time."

Most of the fascist leaders are now putting forward programs of a "currency balanced against production" in order to "overthrow the Jew international bankers."

"I favor small vertical unions," he continued, "rather than large horizontal unions like the CIO. In the horizontal unions, the unskilled workers may outnumber the skilled ones and therefore loot the treasury. If the unskilled have less recognition and are forced to work up to skilled positions, they will have an incentive to earn more. In general, I favor independent unions, not to help management, but because it is better for dependent unions to explain the needs of the workers to the boss." By "independent" unions Smith of course means company unions.

"Labor leaders in league with the reactionaries," he declared, "are the real enemies of the people. "During the last three and a half years all labor has been abused by powerful unions. Look at the way that the CIO has treated the Mechanics Educational Society right here in Detroit." The latter organization, commonly known as MESA, is strongly influenced by figures who share Smith's "nationalist" views and is used by Detroit automotive interests to fight the United Automobile Workers-CIO.

MEANWHILE, agents of all three fascist alignments are looking for potential stormtrooper material among three elements—the veterans, the unemployed, and down-and-out derelicts willing to crack anybody's head for a dollar and a shot of rotgut.

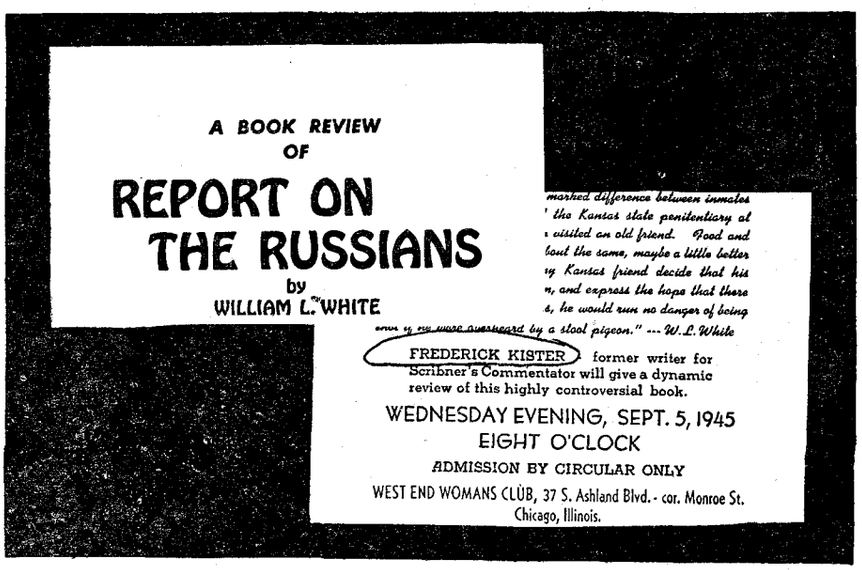
Charles G. Smith, Queens County organizer of the Reynolds outfit, is himself one of the latter. He earns a couple of dollars now and then by giving "lectures" on "communism." I am reliably informed that emissaries of the ANP in New York are lining up bums from the Third Avenue flophouses and the Bowery nickel-hootch joints to serve as stormtrooper units entrusted with minor jobs such as breaking windows in Jewish stores and smearing up a synagogue with filthy drawings.

This wing of the fascist movement also hopes to recruit ex-servicemen, enlisted by old-time hoodlums trained in the underground stormtrooper movements, for the big jobs of race riots, raids on union halls, and other spectacular "demonstrations." The trained terrorists of the Ku Klux Klan will also figure in these groups which, for obvious reasons, will not be officially affiliated with the ANP. The commander-in-chief of the group may be indicted seditionist Joe McWilliams, the toughest stormtrooper who ever came from Yorkville. At present, McWilliams, using the alias of "Jack Williams of Perryton, Texas," is soliciting funds from businessmen for the ANP. An advance letter, signed by Reynolds, introduces McWilliams, who promises prospective contributors that their businesses will be "free from government regulation" once the ANP takes over.

Gerald L. K. Smith is also moving to set up a stormtrooper organization, recruited from the veterans. In July 1945, while carrying on his "organizing campaign" in Los Angeles, he sent out a form letter entitled "The Battle of Babylon" to prospective contributors. The letter informed the suckers that: "The nationalist veterans of this war are organizing. They will perhaps have their headquarters in Chicago. More about this later."

Meanwhile, an old associate of Smith's in the America First movement has started in Chicago a stormtrooper outfit known as the "Christian Veterans of America." Its ostensible leader is Frederick Kister, who served as associate editor of a pre-Pearl Harbor anti-Semitic magazine. A man with a tough mug and the hard eyes of a potential killer, Kister is said to have been a constant troublemaker during his stay in the Army. He is now sending out copies of a lurid "call to action" addressed "to the understanding Christian American Veteran, regardless of his particular creed, who is tired of being cracked around by bureaucrats, smear artists, refugees, alien-minded propagandists, Communists, plug-uglies, whip crackers and other varieties of un-American vermin who infest our beautiful America."

Various business tycoons provide the cash and call the tune for these fascist outfits. They are investing in the kind of future for America that they want—a future of despotic power for the few and imperialist adventures that will lead to World War III. And it can hardly be said that the government is interfering much with these plans. The Department of Justice, after bungling the first trial of the indicted seditionists, seems in no hurry to place them on trial again. The House Committee on un-American Activities, far from putting Gerald L. K. Smith, Robert R. Reynolds, Homer Maertz, Imperial Wizard Colescott et al. on the mat, is in fact making common cause with them by harassing staunch anti-fascists. It's up to the labor movement and to progressive organizations everywhere to take up the fight to put the whole fascist kit and caboodle out of business. It must not happen here.


A BOOK REVIEW
OF
REPORT ON
THE RUSSIANS
by
WILLIAM L. WHITE
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BIG BUSINESS STRATEGY

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

THE one thing which would have proved fatal to the President's Labor-Management Conference would have been a polite and seemly acquiescence on the part of CIO President Philip Murray to the well-laid plans of management, the administration and the AFL. The idea was to ignore completely the wage issue, as a subject not fit for the drawing-room-funeral-parlor atmosphere of the conference which is now under way in the huge, largely empty Labor Department auditorium.

The fact that Mr. Murray did not so oblige, but opened up the fight for a discussion of the wage issue almost without waiting for the fatuous smile to fade from AFL President William Green's face with the last of his fatuous words, has increased his stature tremendously. The two dominating personalities of the conference emerging at the end of the first day were Phil Murray and Ira Mosher, the hard-boiled head of the National Association of Manufacturers. Certainly the public at large is going to be under no illusion as to who speaks for the workers of America by the end of this conference.

What is finally becoming clear to the public, seeping into the press at long last, is that Murray cannot be bought off, that the CIO unions cannot be bought off, that they have refused to fall for wage rises which entailed price rises, and will continue to do so. And when that so-gentle looking labor leader with the white hair and the picturesque eyebrows got up in front of the funeral-parlor background of potted ferns and palms and in his soft Scotch burr let loose a speech at the end of the day, it was a speech which cleared the air of all the Bill Green vaporizings, the glittering Eric Johnston generalities and the Truman truisms of the preceding hours. The President had in his opening address completely ignored wages—as the conference was of course all set to do—and adjured labor and management to work as "a team," with a rather unpleasant threat of congressional action as an alternative. With the anti-labor bills pending, that threat appeared to be directed against labor. Murray reminded the conference of the President's recent nationwide radio speech, in which he clearly asserted that wage raises are needed, and that they can be given by industry without lifting prices, save for exceptional cases, when they can get them.

Murray pointed out that industry has "not been disposed even to bargain with respect to workers' wage restoration demands." He should know. Steel companies sent third-rate officials when they met with unions on the pretext they would bargain, only to say "No." These companies did not even try to assert that steel workers were not entitled to a raise. All they did was to try to get the union to go along with them on a price increase—not the increase to correct inequities, to which OPA is committed in steel and which will amount to some $160,000,000, but a further boost. When Murray demanded two dollars a day without any price increase, the steel companies had the gall to claim that Executive Order 9599 (August 18) represented no change in the national wage policy. Steel and most major industries have union contracts in which appears a clause, at the behest of the War Labor Board, that they may be reopened with a change in national wage policy. CIO Counsel Frank Donner had to go to the WLB to get the board to say that the order *did* represent a change. Still the companies would not negotiate. And now, even in the face of the President's latest speech on wages, they still say "No."

"The word 'No' has, by and large," Murray told the Labor-Management Conference, "been the answer of American industry to the workers' plea for a decent life.

"The word 'No' has *not* been the answer of the President of the United States. In his recent radio address, he stated that 'wage increases are therefore imperative—to cushion the shock to our workers, to sustain adequate purchasing power and to raise the national income.' The President emphasized that the answer could not be the word 'No' in enumerating the specific factors which, in his words, 'add to the ability of industry to increase wages.'

"The word 'No' was not the answer of the staff of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion whose recent report condemned the word 'No' as lacking a dollar and cents basis. . . .

"Our true problem then cannot be defined as wholly a procedural one. Our true problem is the little word 'No.' And we must not forget that the most effective and facile procedures which the wit of man can devise can't conjure away the word 'No,' nor heal the wound which it threatens to our common welfare."

MR. MURRAY is not through fighting. He is just beginning. For it is apparent that if the conference does not touch on wages, it not only is unlikely to accomplish anything positive; it could achieve something devoutly to be avoided by becoming the means of government intervention on behalf of the employers. Industry for its own reasons does not want compulsory arbitration, and labor certainly does not. But the administration would like to have compulsory arbitration and industry is not averse to talking about it as a sort of threat over labor. What big business really wants is a bill penalizing a union for violating a contract without any penalty for the employer for doing the same or for provoking violations by the workers. Chairman Andrew J. May, of the House Military Affairs Committee, has rushed through just such a bill and is eager for it if he can't get a worse one—and industry to date is shying away from doing anything more than talking about cooling-off legislation. They can use it as a blackjack, but interfering with the right to strike might serve to unite labor. Right now they have been successful in splitting labor on the price and wage issue, the AFL and the NAM and of course John L. Lewis taking an identical position of saying, let us not discuss wages in this conference and wreck our harmony, let us just take the lid off prices and then we can negotiate.

The employers need help. This may seem surprising, since they have everything they want on the surface: they can diddle around for another six months, when they hope to have killed off OPA and to be able to raise prices to suit themselves, because they think their market will be just as good or better then than now. They get the carryover in taxes until the end of the year; and then they get the repeal of excess profits taxes beginning January 1. Everyone thought that by this time their strike against reconversion would be over. But they are pretty smug about

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their fine fat market. The administration is said to hope that with the example of the twenty percent increase in government wages that the President requested, and the expected setting up of a tripartite panel in the oil industry, which will have to give a substantial increase because the industry has absolutely no ground to stand on—that the strike by big business would be ended. But they have piled up such huge profits in the war that they are willing to bide their time before getting into production.

Then why do they need help? Because for the first time the workers' case is getting over. The public is beginning to get the pitch. It does not hear corporations even claiming that wage raises are unnecessary. The President has said they are necessary—even though he said it about three months too late and hedged it with qualifications. What the public hears is General Motors yowling for a price increase, United States Steel saying it must have an increase in prices if it has to raise wages. Housewives are seeing the rise in butter, the hidden rise in clothing costs with the deterioration in quality, the actual increase in cost of living items. Veterans are coming back and are shocked at the prices which are being paid, at the fact that their $200 or $300 demobilization pay doesn't go very far.

But even though single employers would like to negotiate now, the time has passed when the Fords and Sinclairs can do so. Big industry waited for the administration to speak. It didn't. Its silence encouraged industry to take an arrogant stand. Now the President has spoken, but already industry has consolidated its position, formed strong alliances within all its branches. Not only would it lose prestige now if it backed down, but an individual industrialist finds it difficult to crawl back from the limb he's gone out on, because his fellow industrialists won't let him. Vice President Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers-CIO with his threats to pick the companies off one at a time did labor the disservice of helping industry get together.

But many unions too are uniting. The United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, Steelworkers and UAW are meeting constantly now on wage campaigns, with radio programs involving Hollywood stars planned, and coordinated research work in progress. As the wage campaign becomes in fact more and more a mass political movement with economic objectives, involving more and more of the public, the employers' position deteriorates.

That is why they need help right now.

NM SPOTLIGHT

WHAT THE ELECTIONS TAUGHT

THERE is much to encourage progressives in the results of elections in a number of cities. In the first contests since the death of President Roosevelt the labor and progressive forces have emerged with new strength. And of major significance is the fact that the most advanced sector of the democratic movement, the Communist Party, shares in this enhanced strength.

The most important test took place in New York. The Republican bosses and their Liberal Party satellites, who had previously been reluctant participants with the American Labor Party in a coalition around La Guardia, thought that with La Guardia no longer running and FDR dead, their day had come. They imagined that their nomination of a disgruntled Tammany politician, Judge Jonah Goldstein, whose name, if not his record, would supposedly attract the Jewish vote, was a masterstroke. Governor Dewey, the chief strategist of the GOP campaign, saw in the capture of city hall the stepping stone to bigger and better things for him and his party nationally in 1946 and 1948.

The Democratic bosses at first sought a coalition with the Republicans and later reluctantly accepted a Roosevelt man, Brig. Gen. William O'Dwyer, who was also the candidate of the American Labor Party. Complicating the picture was La Guardia's own swan song, the candidacy of Newbold Morris, anti-Dewey Republican, on the No Deal ticket. And as an added confusing touch, O'Dwyer revealed his own weaknesses by paying his respects to the Red bugaboo and waging an uninspired campaign.

The results of the balloting were a shattering defeat for the GOP-Liberal Party tories. Their man, whose Red-baiting alarms were the most distinguishing feature of his campaign, received less than one-quarter of the vote, barely nosing out Newbold Morris, who had practically no organization behind him. The Liberal Party Russia-haters were able to deliver only six percent of the total vote to Goldstein, as compared with eleven percent of the total last year when they supported—after their fashion—President Roosevelt. General O'Dwyer, elected by the greatest plurality in New York history, received twenty-two percent of his total on the American Labor Party line—in fact, the 259,000 votes for the ALP were only some 40,000 below the Republican total.

Of no less importance were the elections to the city council. Though counting of the proportional representation ballots has not yet been completed as we go to press, the three outstanding incumbents, the Communists, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr. and Peter V. Cacchione, and Laborite Michael J. Quill, are assured of reelection. Cacchione and Quill received the highest first-choice votes in their respective boroughs, Brooklyn and the Bronx. Davis was nosed out of top place in Manhattan first choice votes by Stanley Isaacs, independent Republican. Two other ALP candidates Eugene P. Connolly in Manhattan and Charles Rubinstein in the Bronx, will also probably be elected.

The New York election reveals the increased *independence* of the voters, who are disregarding party labels and vote more and more on the basis of issues. As a result, no party has majority support—the Democratic Party polled only forty-four percent of the total—and both progress and reaction must operate through coalition. Secondly, the election resulted in strengthening the independent labor-progressive forces represented by the American Labor Party, the CIO Political Action Committee, and the Communists—a fact which has major implications for the national

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scene. This was only partly reflected in the ALP vote for mayor. A better gauge is the ALP vote for the five borough presidents which totaled 330,000. Third, the election further cemented the alliance of the Negro people with labor and progressive white voters, as strikingly demonstrated by the tremendous vote for Ben Davis despite the fact that the Republicans-Liberals, the Democrats and the Trotskyites tried to stop him by putting up Negro candidates against him. Finally, the election confirmed the fact that Red-baiting doesn't pay. It didn't pay Goldstein —nor, for that matter, O'Dwyer. The fact that O'Dwyer polled some 70,000 less votes on the ALP line than did the successful candidates for borough presidents ought to give him his cue for the future.

Next to New York, chief interest centered in the Detroit balloting. There a CIO leader for the first time sought election as mayor of a major city. The fact that Richard T. Frankensteen, vice president of the United Automobile Workers, lost by 57,000 out of a total of 480,000 votes, while undoubtedly disappointing to the many in and out of the labor movement who hoped he would be able to break reaction's grip on the auto city, was not an

The Kremlin's Plain Talk

In Stalin's absence, whatever the reasons, Foreign Commissar Molotov spoke at the Soviet anniversary celebration with an authority and strength which reflect his stature as a leader of his people. Molotov is a world figure. He has been the premier of the USSR and has shared in the enormous responsibilities of leading his country to victory. Every word uttered by him in his speech bears the impress of Stalin's guidance. It would be stupid to think, as do some American commentators, that Stalin's absence has any other significance but that the government is now placing on the shoulders of younger men burdens which were assigned to Stalin during the war years. Soviet leadership is not a static or unchanging affair. New shifts are to be expected and whatever they will be they will be made with the purpose of best facilitating the reconstruction period. To assume that these shifts will represent an internal divergence of policy is again stupid. On the contrary, the Soviet state has never been more unified than it is now—a unity which is among the great contributions Stalin has made to the building of a classless society.

In Molotov's appraisal of the world scene one thing is eminently clear. The Soviets stand in the forefront of world progress. They are not torn by the domestic conflicts that dominate the life of capitalist communities. Their workers and farmers and intellectuals operate as an indivisible entity; they are not torn by racial hatreds or the lust for markets; their capacity to consume is infinite; the exploiters of their abundant wealth have been buried long ago. Small wonder then that with a socialist economy as a base Molotov expressed no fear of the discovery of atomic energy or, in fact, other forms of energy which may even supersede that derived from splitting the atom.

Small wonder too that with Soviet socialism firmly established, Molotov is able to reiterate, as Stalin has on innumerable occasions, his country's desire for lasting peace and cooperation among the powers. Soviet foreign policy is the projection of socialism in the international sphere and is, therefore, the enemy of war, of power politics and blocs, of armament races, of reaction and fascism everywhere. Compared to Mr. Truman's recent pronouncement on international policy, Molotov's speech is devoid of the pious platitudes that hide the mailed fist of imperialism. Instead Molotov spoke up for the new and thriving democracies in the former satellite states. He punctured the theory that it was because of Soviet influence that "these daring democratic reforms" were taking place in states close to the USSR. He stressed the full meaning of Hitler's defeat as the condition for fundamental changes long delayed in the Balkans—changes that have taken place elsewhere in Europe decades before the birth of the USSR. In all, Molotov's speech, whether it touched on the atomic bomb or the slowness of reparations or his castigation of imperialist politics or the fact that the forces of fascism have not yet been completely liquidated—all that he said was indicative of the high moral sense that pervades the Soviet spirit, Soviet culture, its economy, its politics.

No one can, of course, expect Winston Churchill to understand that and since Ernest Bevin generally finds it hard to understand what Churchill cannot—both men gave a typical performance in Parliament the day after Molotov spoke. Churchill voiced the opinion that the atomic bomb must remain in the "sacred trust" of the United States and Britain. He raised a completely fraudulent issue of whether the bomb should be given to the Russians when the real issue is whether the bomb is to be used for power politics or turned over to the United Nations Organization. The "sacred trust" business is one way Churchill chose to present the Tory position in conection with the Attlee-Truman conference. And for that it was necessary for him, along with Bevin, to insult Britain's scientists clamoring for the internationalization of the bomb. His reference to a "special" friendship between Washington and London goes way back to Churchill's old idea of a bilateral alliance designed in part to keep the the Soviets at a distance under the best circumstances and as a club over them under the worst of circumstances. This is one form of the western bloc project which Molotov warned was a threat to the peace. Bevin, resentful over Molotov's frankness, indicated again that nothing will stop him from moving ahead in organizing western Europe. The British Labor hierarchy has, therefore, chosen to traverse a rocky and pitted road and if it happens to break its neck along the way no one will ever be able to say that Soviet leaders did not try to give it a word of caution.

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unqualified defeat. The size of the Frankensteen vote, which was not merely a labor vote, and the campaign organization that was built with the help of the CIO Political Action Committee should prepare the way for a progressive victory two years hence. Another positive gain was the re-election of Lt. George Edwards, CIO member, to the city council with the highest vote, thus making him president of the council. The Rev. Charles A. Hill, leading Negro progressive, polled 141,000 votes, but fell short of election to the city council.

Behind Mayor Edward Jeffries stood the power of the giant auto companies and the Republican machine. The scurrilous Red-baiting and anti-Negro incitements that marked his campaign undoubtedly affected backward workers and sections of the middle class. Frankensteen's own concessions to anti-Communist pressures didn't help, nor did the factional situation in his own union.

Elsewhere the outstanding developments were the showing of two Communists, Arnold Johnson in Cleveland, and Otis Hood in Boston, and the victory of David Lawrence, Democratic candidate for mayor of Pittsburgh, who was endorsed by the AFL, CIO and other progressive organizations. Johnson, state chairman of the Communist Party, in the face of an unprecedented barrage from the press and the Catholic hierarchy, polled 56,330 votes for the board of education, an increase of nearly 10,000 over his vote in 1943. With four to be elected, he came in fifth. Hood polled 26,693 votes for the Boston school committee, an increase of 120 percent over his total two years ago.

The showing of the Communists in New York, Cleveland and Boston is a heartening sign of renewed vigor after a difficult period in which the party had to cleanse itself of the false policies of Earl Browder.

Messrs. Baruch and Higgins

We don't know whether Bernard Baruch and Andrew J. Higgins know one another personally. The elder statesman of American big business, and the small-time shipbuilder who rose rocket like to top brackets through the aid of lucrative wartime contracts may never have met at the Union Club or around a conference table. But they have much in common. Beneath both sturdy frames beat stout capitalist hearts —hearts of gold, one might say. And thereby hangs a little tale whose moral should not be lost.

Throughout the war both gentlemen were regarded as forward-looking capitalists who were, generally, included in the coalition led by President Roosevelt. There was much in their public activity for which the people commended them. Mr. Baruch saw Hitler as the main enemy and so did Mr. Higgins. The latter stumped for FDR's reelection in his capacity as head of Businessmen for Roosevelt. For a time their wartime energies coincided with those of labor, which took the brunt of our wartime sacrifices.

With the war's close we find something else again. Today we see them lining up in a category that decidedly has nothing in common with labor's goals, and one of them, Mr. Baruch, has, through his letter to Representative Gore, done the cause of international cooperation a distinct disservice. Mr. Baruch put himself on record favoring the use of America's economic might to intervene in European domestic affairs by barring loans to countries whose peoples favored nationalization of industry. Mr. Higgins who has not reached the heights of elder statesmanship, but who is a practicing industrialist, has dedicated himself, he said, to the noble project of "*getting* labor." He has announced he would not reopen his plants because of union "pressure groups" and violently assailed the Wagner act when he shut up his plants.

By these actions both men should dispel any illusions Americans may still possess concerning "progressive and intelligent capitalism," an illusion we ourselves shared, unfortunately. Both men revealed a narrow, partisan bias which grows out of their class interests. They proved themselves out of gear with the nation's real requirements, and that of the world's. Mr. Baruch who has made his pile is blindly concerned about protecting free enterprise, "our competitive system, which should be preserved." (Actually, Mr. Baruch is concealing the reality of American capitalism today. The giant trusts have displaced those noble concepts "free enterprise" and "our competitive system.") Mr. Higgins is passionately devoted to squeezing everything he can out of labor, to the detriment of the nation's imperative —high spending capacity. Mr. Baruch's further strictures concerning labor's "selfishness" will cut little ice with the heroes of production (remember?) who strive to guarantee their families a living wage and to prevent our nation's economy from spiraling downward to disaster.

Both men, playing the role of King Canute, are seeking to stem history's tides. Actually, if Mr. Baruch's advice were heeded in the international field, he would help precipitate chaos in our country by hamstringing foreign trade, which would hurt our economy as much, if not more, than it would that of European nations.

The people of America are rapidly learning that they cannot rely upon the "wisdom," the "intelligence" of our leading capitalists. This should not blind us to the fact that there are some among the latter who will, for reasons of their own and for limited periods and objectives, join the masses in their search for prosperity, international amity, and peace. But it must be clear that even these cannot be relied upon as long-term allies. This is the world's leading imperialist nation and the outlook of all big business is inevitably colored by that reality. But there are differences, contradictions, among imperialists, and that fact must never be overlooked by the people as they build their own strength, the labor movement, the anti-fascist democratic front. To the degree that the latter enjoys numbers and exercises vigilance and initiative will the people thwart imperialist aggressions.

The moral is this: our people must find their own leaders, always remembering that their security lies primarily in their own numbers and their own democratic policies. To lean upon capitalist leadership is to lean upon a treacherous reed.

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READERS' FORUM

From South Africa

TO NEW MASSES: I have been a contributor to NEW MASSES now for over two years, and have found your articles on both the international and the US scene very instructive, although pretty hard to swallow during the "Browderite" period(as we call it here). That has, however, been dealt with pretty fully in your correspondence columns and I need not add my views.

I am, however, very pleased to see your note on Pirow in your issue of September 4. One slight error. His name is Oswald, not Oscar, which bears more than superficial resemblance to another Oswald in Britain. A few sidelights on our undisguised Nazi may interest you. While he was Minister of Defense in South Africa, a position which he held until September 4, 1939, his daughter was sent to Germany to "study." She spent considerable time in a Nazi Labor Camp. His legacy to the defense history of South Africa is known by the name "bush-carts," a very doubtful weapon which proved to be utterly useless. In fact, he left South Africa totally disarmed.

His New Order Group is not the only fascist organization in South Africa, but is the most open. A far more dangerous organization is Dr. Malan's Nationalist Party, being the official opposition party in Parliament. In a recent by-election at Kimberly, the seat was won by the Nationalist, so Dr. Malan decided that the conference of his party should be preceded by a "victory" demonstration in Johannesburg, only a month after V-J Day. The insult inherent in this is obvious and those who had risked their lives to extirpate his kind in Europe and Asia, felt obliged to protest. A protest meeting was held by the Springbok Legion, an ex-soldier's organization, on the Johannesburg City Hall steps, with injunctions to the people to refrain from violence. Police were brought into Johannesburg from many miles away to protect the fascist procession headed by banners reading "SAVE SOUTH AFRICA FROM COMMUNISM." The great "Volksleier" (a nice word for "feuhrer") had to make an ignominious back entrance and his storm troopers politely threw bottles at the crowd gathered outside the hall. Luckily no one was killed in the resulting melee, but it would suffice to say that two hundred people received hospital treatment. Tension existed in Johannesburg till the conference was called off after a few resolutions were rushed through without any semblance of democratic procedure.

General Smuts, true to his tradition of treating fascists as deserving of full justice, promised a Nationalist deputation that "law and order" would be preserved.

A number of very damaging conclusions can be drawn from the above incidents. First, the active appeasement of fascists still goes on in government circles in South Africa. Second, the people of Johannesburg's response to the lead given by the Springbok Legion is indicative of a fairly virile anti-fascist feeling in the Golden City, but without leadership. The Labor Party, the strongest group in the city council, heartily sanctioned allowing full democratic privileges to Dr. Malan to destroy democracy. Third, as no non-whites were involved in any way in the rioting, it was prevented from becoming a race riot, the type of sport most eagerly enjoyed by the fascists, which therefore prevented them from raising their favorite "Black Bogey."

However heartening certain conclusions may be, it must never be lost sight of that by far too many people in South Africa, despite strong anti-fascist feeling, can be misled by white supremacists, particularly when figures like General Smuts can state openly in Parliament that white supremacy must be retained in Africa. Even the Labor Party suffers from that malady, and because of the reactionary social structure of South Africa, it is a privilege that the white worker does not seem easily able to sacrifice. Until such time as sanity will prevail in our racial problems in South Africa there will always be the danger of local fascism rising to power on the backs of the seventy-five percent of our oppressed, voteless and downtrodden population, and woe betide even the fate of the twenty-five percent who retain their privileges and prejudices. Prejudice is a luxury we can ill afford at this juncture, and the cost may be very startling to white South Africa.

Port Elizabeth, S.A. HENRY WOOLFSON.

Some Confusions

TO NEW MASSES: As a progressive trade unionist I feel compelled to get into the discussion on psychoanalysis. Though my knowledge of the subject is so limited that I had to look up many terms and ask quite a number of elementary questions of my patient friends, I decided to throw in my hat.

As I understand it, Dr. Wortis devotes most of his paper to an examination of his thesis that: ". . . neurotic conflicts are both engendered and maintained by the contradictory nature of the actual social relationships in which we are involved; they can be regarded as mental reflections of real relationships. The mental conflicts cannot be resolved until there is a corresponding resolution of these contradictory relationships."

This question is important to all of us. Approaching the objective truth of this problem will (1) enable us to understand better the ideological superstructure of our society, with all of its implications; and in turn, will help us all in the broad progressive movement to become better equipped and more constructive in our critical approach to our society; and (2) it will enable the progressives within the field of psychiatry to understand better their own relationship to the rest of the progressive movement; and in turn, give them an opportunity to ". . . erect its own goals and describe its own standards . . . shape its own tools to cope with the various kinds of discontents (not always dignified with the term neurosis) found in our society."

If the results of this discussion on psychoanalysis were to prove, as Dr. Furst contends, that: "Social relations are reflected by the mechanics of nerve physiology and become something entirely different, i.e., psychology, which is neither physiology nor sociology," then I and the others who consider themselves progressives would say: "Please forgive us for venturing into a field which we have no power to influence. Forgive us again, gentlemen, for barging into your sanctum sanctorum. We will only be in your way since psychology is neither physiology nor sociology and I'm only an average worker with a slight smattering of knowledge of sociology. All we can do is work in such a way as to help bring about social relationships which will be *favorably* 'reflected by the mechanics of nerve physiology.' True, we progressives will then have to look into the field of 'mechanics of nerve physiology' (as we should anyway), but essentially we will be able to depend on the 'experts' to tell us whether our work is influencing the 'mechanics of nerve physiology' *favorably* or *unfavorably*."

If, however, the results of the discussion on psychoanalysis were to prove as Dr. Wortis contends, that: "the psychological level stands in constant and intimate interrelationship to both physiology and sociology, with influences moving back and forth between all levels," then, gentlemen, I would have to say that "we progressives have very much at stake in this matter. We are discussing a new quality which is important to all of us not because it is 'neither physiology nor sociology' but because it is the quintessence of the fusion of both physiology and sociology."

And I hope we will not get off on a debate whether or not such a conclusion would lead to the substitution of sociology for psychology, or vice versa. Both contributors seem to agree with Dr. Wortis' formulation that ". . . the psychological level of integration has its own independent laws, and justifies a separate scientific discipline. . . ." By now we already know that the same holds true for physiology and sociology.

Our attention must be keyed to the central problem, namely, what gives rise to and keeps in motion a neurotic conflict. First we

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have to select the dominant, or strongest force, and then we will collect all the related forces, to get a rounded out answer. After we see eye to eye on this, then we can proceed with greater ease to answer the other half of the question, namely, how can a mental conflict be resolved. In both cases, however, powerful bodies will stack up in front of our very noses and each one will insist that his particular attributes entitle him to be chosen as the almighty force around which all others should revolve. . . .

Dr. Furst, in my opinion, runs from the main theme. He gives lip service to old accepted axioms and gets lost in a comfortable mess of idealism, such as "His [Dr. Wortis'] views further lead him to advance the hypothesis that a neurosis is the reflection of present bad human relations. The reverse is largely true. The neurotic's present bad relations certainly intensify his difficulties, but essentially they are a reflection of his neurosis, and not a cause of it."

In plain English I read this as follows: One is neurotic because he has neurosis.

Elsewhere Dr. Furst says: "The laws of the production and operation of thought have to be empirically discovered. They cannot be synthesized from dialectical materialism." In plain English I read this as follows: There evidently are laws which govern the creation and operation of ideas. We have to discover them. But please, let's not discover them from the material world around us. Let us look somewhere else for these laws. Will you kindly tell me, Dr. Furst, from what, or from where you will synthesize your laws if not from dialectical materialism? I promise not to get in your way when you make that long journey in search for the answer.

E. S.

NM's Compaign

To New Masses: This is in response to NM's request in a recent issue of the magazine for data regarding the number of Congressmen contacted through its readers about the 15 plus 15 proposal.

The following Congressmen have been contacted thus far, one by myself, the others by non-readers of the magazine, all servicemen: Robinson of Utah; Izac, California; Harness, Indiana; Geelan, Connecticut; Ramspeck, Georgia; Holmes, Massachusetts; Celler, Brooklyn; Hare, S. Carolina; Pfeifer, Brooklyn; Snyder, Pennsylvania; Somers, Brooklyn; Dickstein, New York; Daughton, Virginia; Barrett, Pennsylvania; Curley, Massachusetts; D'Alesandro, Maryland; Taylor, New York; LeFevre, New York; Norrell, Arkansas; Delaney, New York; Roe, New York; Bennet, New York; Wolverton, New Jersey; Hedrick, West Virginia; Butler, New York (2); Bulwinkle, North Carolina; Cochran, Missouri; Winstead, Mississippi; Hull, Wisconsin; Marcantonio, New York; Fellows, Maine; Doyle, California; Hancock, New York; Cole, New York; Carlson, Kansas; Vorys, Ohio; Clason, Massachusetts.

It is gratifying to note the reactions and willingness of the men here to cooperate in this matter. It isn't difficult at all to approach them, and the explanations of the plan itself certainly suffice as proof to the fellows of the value of "15 plus 15."

Oh yes, the contacts are being made by airmail so as not to waste time.

Somewhere at Sea. Saul Ader, PhM3c.

Toward Socialism

To New Masses: The article by A. B. Magil in the October 2 issue of NM entitled "Speaking of Socialism" was very thought-provoking, especially when he says, "Yet, while we must seek a language of common action with the great majority of Americans, I feel we must at the same time learn how to find the larger meaning in the day-to-day issues and how to project out of them the socialist goal toward which we want to move. As yet we have hardly begun to do this. In the left-wing press, including New Masses, there is still very little beyond what is immediate and obvious in contemporary events."

At long, long last.

I am not an "old timer" in the Communist movement, but I sincerely believe that socialism is the only real, complete and lasting cure for the evils of capitalism. As a comparative newcomer, I am not too well-learned in Marxist theory. I find it difficult to tie in the day-to-day problems that NM concerns itself with with the goal, though far off, of socialism. As a result, I feel that a complete understanding of these problems—how to face and fight them realistically, and where the battle will take us—is lacking. In short, I believe that if we are to cope more intelligently with today's problems, we have to know where we are going. We must constantly unite theory with practice, always keeping our eye on our goal, and never, never allow ourselves to fall into the intellectual morass of empiricism.

So, I believe that in these days when we are trying to orient ourselves again in a truly Marxist policy, New Masses has a duty to print articles from time to time on just how the winning of these present-day battles of full employment, FEPC, sixty-five cent minimum, veterans legislation, etc., will move us along the road to socialism.

León Miller

Integrated in these articles should be a comprehensive picture of just how socialism can come here, in what form, what features of the Soviet system we can copy, and what features we cannot.

I believe that this is one of the things that will help us back on the "high road to Marxism." Pfc. C. S.

Camp Butner, N. C.

Captious Criticism?

To New Masses: Isn't Mr. Wayne a little bit afraid of overpraising *Deep Are the Roots?* I quite agree that plays in which the subject is fundamentally important and interesting should meet the same technical standards as others, but on one or two points Mr. Wayne's review seems to miss the mark.

On the frameup, for example: The old Senator had been (correctly in keeping with his character) so emotionally disturbed by seeing Lieutenant Charles that he lost temporarily any possibility of reasonable judgment. "Missing watch, Negro thief" was an immediate emotional reaction which is subtly developed into a frameup. It over-dignifies the Senator's state of mind to imply that he deliberately maneuvered the frameup, although he had no compunctions about utilizing his first emotional impression.

It seems to me, also, a bit captious to object to the "first act deposition of the issues." Doesn't Mr. Wayne perhaps overestimate the extent to which these issues are realized by a majority of the theater-going public? Anna Rochester.

New York.

Outdoors or Indoors?

To New Masses: Mr. Nicholas Mocharniuk's letter on the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show is responsible for what follows: I agree with him that life is a good deal what one makes it. But I would hardly hold that not to exhibit one's works on street corner railings is an indication of an ivory tower mood. It might mean only that lots of artists do not agree that peddling works on street corners is conducive to a proper respect for art, the spread of culture and a means to a richer life. If the Outdoor Show membership grew, all I can foresee is a cry for bigger and better railings and a congestion of traffic as the works spread through the alleys of the village. Then a new species of housing shortage as basement storage space became scarce.—Oh, and more artists praying for good weather.

My good friends of the Washington Square Outdoor Art Show, I'm all for bigger and better art festivals. But speaking of dynamics, it's time we got after the city fathers. A Municipal Art Center is long overdue. Washington Square would be an ideal spot for it. Then watch the line of new members! With them will come quality, respect, audience and more sales. The richer life is sure to follow. Maurice Becker.

New York.

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CHRISTOPHER CAUDWELL, CRITIC

By LOUIS HARAP

IT IS a sad commentary on the state of Marxist criticism and esthetics that the most profound historical materialist study on art in English has never been discussed in any American Marxist publication. *Illusion and Reality* was first published in 1937 in England, was later reissued here in a very small edition, and is now out of print. The author, Christopher Caudwell, a young English Marxist born in 1907, was killed fighting fascism in Spain in the same year that his book appeared. *Illusion and Reality* climaxed a versatile career as writer in both science and the arts, and is an original contribution because Caudwell has deeply assimilated underlying Marxist principles and extended them into poetry and art.

Illusion and Reality is based on anthropology, literature and the arts, philosophy, and abnormal psychology. Final judgment on the work would require collective examination and discussion by a group of specialists in these fields. This would, I believe, reveal deficiencies in the book. Caudwell's method is the hazardous one of generalizing and of characterizing broad trends. Inevitably the question arises of accuracy in application to all particulars. At the same time Caudwell's ideas cast brilliant light on the interpenetration of art and society. His insights, which are numerous and important, issue from a clear grasp of Marxism and are precipitated in an original mind. His style reflects the difficulties of grappling with tough problems, but seems unnecessarily abstract and involved at times.

Caudwell set out to uncover the sources of poetry. He shows that primitive poetry, which is "heightened speech" not yet separated out from music and dance, is an "economic" activity in that it functions to forward the realization of social needs. Since no classes exist in this period, poetry is a "common medium of collective wisdom" of the whole tribe and a "great switchboard of the instinctive energy of the tribe." Like all art, poetry is illusion, or the belief in the reality of something which does not then exist. The social health of poetry, says Caudwell, depends on whether this collective expression is an anticipation of reality, like the harvest dance, or whether it is the expression of a class in decay and hence seeks to evade reality altogether. Caudwell applies these criteria to various types of society and periods in poetry with great subtlety and fruitfulness.

Mythology is generated in the classless society to answer the needs of the tribe as a whole. But in a class society mythology becomes the expression of the ruling class alone, and consequently the mythology "ossifies" into religion. Assent to this religion is forced upon the subject class. The agency of compulsion is faith, which is a sign that the mythology and art no longer express group collectivity. Caudwell makes original use of anthropological concepts to develop these leading ideas.

"Modern art" dates from the fifteenth century, writes Caudwell, as one phase of the culture complex resting on the emerging bourgeois system of production. The character of modern poetry alters as the bourgeois system unfolds; changes in the latter are reflected by changes in poetry. Caudwell has selected English poetry to exemplify the modern period because he explains that capitalism has developed most evenly and in greatest detail in England, where the most varied realization of the possibilities for bourgeois poetry have appeared. He delineates the reflections in poetry of the three major phases of capitalism; accumulation, the industrial revolution and decline, and the sub-phases in each

American-Soviet Cultural Relations

IT WOULD be well if, in the other fields of international relations, a level as high as that in cultural relations were reached. In a period when the efforts of American reactionaries have been rewarded by a progressive political deterioration of American-Soviet relations, cultural relations between the two countries remain at a high level. Lillian Hellman's play, *The Little Foxes* is a hit on Soviet stages and Konstantine Simonov's *Days and Nights* is an American best seller. These are only the more spectacular evidences of a vigorously growing mutual interest. To this pleasant reality the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship is making acknowledgement in its current annual celebration of the anniversary of American-Soviet relations, by expanding its cultural sessions. These, for the first time, will include a panel on literature with Howard Fast, John Hersey, Mark Slonim, Alexander Kendrick and David Burliuk participating, Dr. Arthur Upham Pope presiding as chairman. Equally impressive are the theater and music panels with Margaret Webster, Cheryl Crawford, Harold Clurman, Norris Houghton, James Gow and John Martin participating in the first; and Aaron Copland, Elie Siegmeister, Leonard Bernstein, Marc Blitzstein and Olin Downes, with Serge Koussevitsky as honorary chairman, in the other. The sessions are being held at the New York Engineering Society on Sunday, November 18, from 2 to 5 PM. At an evening session there will be scenes from new Soviet plays, the American premiere of two arias from Prokofieff's new opera, *War and Peace* and recitations of translations from Mayakovsky and Simonov and addresses by the Hon. Pavel Mikhailov, the Hon. Helen Gahagan Douglas, Edward S. Smith and Charles J. Child.

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of them. The result is undoubtedly the most penetrating Marxist analysis of English literature.

In Marlowe and Shakespeare are expressed the exuberant, "intemperate" period of accumulation: Shakespeare's genius was so expansive that he "cloudily anticipates" the whole development of capitalism. Milton was "England's first openly revolutionary poet" and was revolutionary both in style and content. From the betrayal of the Great Revolution issues the cynicism of the Restoration. Not until late in the eighteenth century does the poet finally become the "bourgeoisified producer for the free market," which established the "cash-nexus" in art, as in all relations. The romantic revolt expresses the isolation of the poet from society which was brought on by the industrial revolution. This revolt takes different forms in Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats. As capitalism declined, the separation becomes so complete that the poets finally remain the only audience for poetry. This tendency moves from art for art's sake to its ultimate expression in surrealism, in which the poet is essentially writing for himself alone, since his language is purely personal. Throughout the bourgeois development, as reflected in poetry, Caudwell exhibits the vicissitudes of freedom, "the consciousness of necessity."

The analysis of illusion's relation to reality in poetry acquired a powerful tool in the psychology stemming from Freud, and Caudwell uses this tool critically in searching for the sources of poetry. His extended discussion of this question constitutes also a weighty Marxist criticism of Freudian psychology. The fundamental distinction between science and art is also drawn in this discussion. Caudwell's final conclusion is that, while art changes man in order to change society, science changes outer reality in order to change man, and the two processes interpenetrate.

In the course of his discussion of the future of poetry, Caudwell analyzes some of the important writers of the day in which he wrote. "All *sincere* bourgeois art," he says, is "decomposing and whirling about in a flux of perplexed agony."

The way out of this agony is not in opposition to or even in mere alliance with the proletariat, but demands an "assimilation" of the proletarian attitude. At the hour during which Caudwell wrote, Gide, Auden, Spender and Lewis had accepted the proletarian movement, but were only in *alliance* with it. Their subsequent desertion of that movement can be explained by Caudwell's analysis of their relation to it. They mistakenly thought that they should accept "proletarian dictatorship in art," whereas the proletariat "demand that you, an artist, become a proletarian *leader* in the field . . . refashioning the categories and techniques of art so that it expresses the new world coming into being and is part of its realization." Instead, these writers tried, says Caudwell, to revise revolutionary ideals in the direction of petty bourgeois ideals. Their defection is thus not hard to explain.

Without minimizing the importance of Caudwell's work, serious limitations must be pointed out. Unfortunately Caudwell uses the concept of "instinct" as fundamental to his argument, and he nowhere clarifies his sense of the term, which has been rejected by American psychology as misleading and confusing, when not entirely wrong. The fact that English theoretical psychology lags behind ours may account for his use of that concept, and of the idea of the similarly unclear "genotype." He refers to the genotype as "the individual, the instinctive man as he was born." On the same page he says that the "genotype is never found 'in the raw.' Always it is found as a man of definite concrete civilization with definite opinions, material surroundings and education." These two statements cannot stand for the same thing.

Although Caudwell's book must be read critically, it must be read, and assimilated into the body of Marxist criticism and esthetics.

ON THE "CHRISTIAN FRONT"

Focus, *by Arthur Miller. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.*

It will be the purpose of this piece to review a new novel by Arthur Miller called *Focus*—a novel filled with great dignity, a novel which is a controlled but angry indictment of one of the worst cancers in our body politic and social, a novel in which its author —in his first try at the form—has excitingly demonstrated how well the form can and should be used. But before I get down to such a review, I should like your permission to wander, for a moment. My eye, I hope, will remain on the ball.

I want to ask all of you who happened to notice the full-page advertizements of the Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, in the Sunday book review supplements of the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, these last few Sundays, to raise your hands, please. I'm talking about the ads which revealed, among other things, an enchanting young lady sitting naked, up to her bosom, in a pool of water. Remember? They advertized, reading from left to right, recent novels by Mr. Ben Ames Williams, and the Misses Gwethalyn Graham, Adria Locke Langley, and Daphne DuMaurier. In these ads, there appeared, every now and then, such coquettish questions as: "Was she saint or demon? Ask the men in her life—her father, her husbands, her sons, her lovers"; readers (and prospective buyers) were titillated by such come-ons as: "Rough, handsome, and ambitious, he set her modestly afire." With no disrespect intended to the four writers mentioned above, it must be set down that their books are being peddled on the basis of a genteel prurience.

Now then: How many of you, when your glazed eye slid over this full-page advertisement, experienced, as I did, a sweetish, sickish, sticky, thickish taste in the mouth? It's unanimous? Thank you. I assume that like me you do not wish to deprecate any writer's ability to make a quick buck; I assume that like me you find it discouraging in the extreme to note that the nipple on the breast and the eye in the keyhole and the perfumed moment of extra-marital passion are the *sine qua nons* of successful novels today.

There can be no question that the novel deserves better than this.

The news today is that an American writer has turned to the form of the novel and has proved again—just when it was beginning to seem that it would have to be proved—that an important, contemporaneous theme can be seriously and successfully tackled in such a way that the reader learns, is agitated, convinced, and fired. Mr. Miller's novel *Focus* deserves to shoot to the top of whatever list of best-sellers there is contrived, and deserves to stay there until every thinking American citizen has had Mr. Miller's idea moved into his brain. *Focus* is a study of bigotry; specifically, of anti-Semitism. It is a study of a soul in torment: the soul of an anti-Semite who finds that he has perforce played

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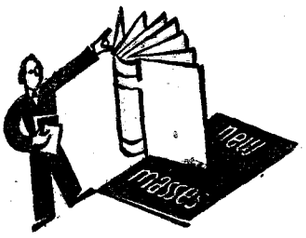

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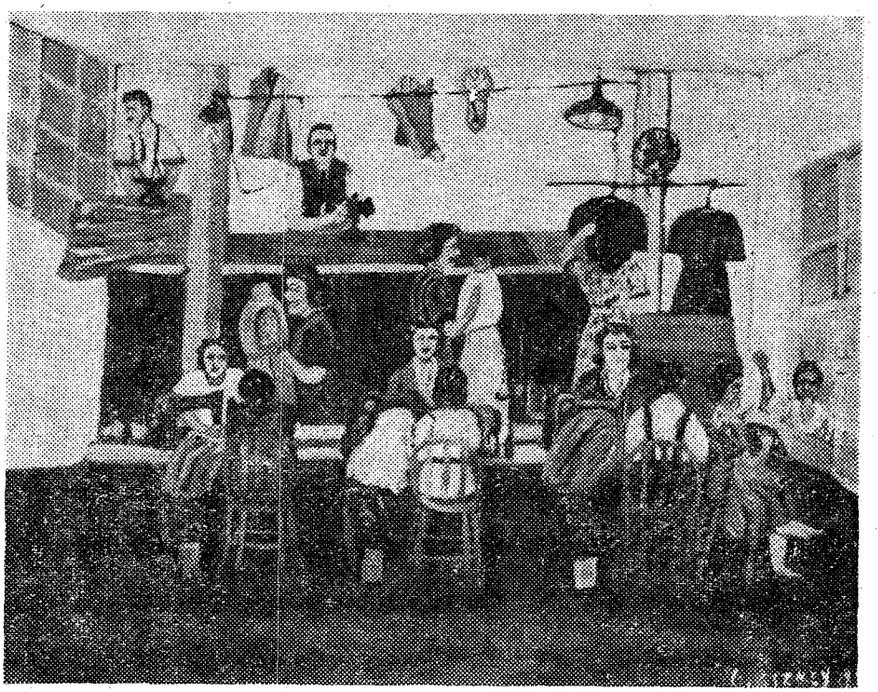

"Dress Factory," oil by Clara Sitney on view through November 28 at RoKo. Miss Sitney still works in a dress factory and paints Sundays and vacations.

a screamingly ironic joke on himself. Mr. Miller's protagonist—a lower middle-class white-collar worker, Episcopalian, timid, mean, spiteful, resident in the borough of Queens, cowardly, and increasingly nearsighted—is forced into the position where he must don a pair of spectacles. These spectacles give him—to his anti-Semitic employer, his anti-Semitic neighbors and acquaintances, and his anti-Semitic bride—the appearance of a Jew. His own fear, his own dread, his own hatred is turned upon him. He is confronted by his own hallucination.

You will note from the foregoing that what Mr. Miller has done is to write what is often derogated as a *tour de force*. This phrase, with the critical years, has become encrusted over with connotations of a tricky inferiority; but in Mr. Miller's hands the *tour de force* is solid, thoughtful, meaningful. In no other way, in fact, could he have realized his intent. Nor should it be suggested that there is nothing more to *Focus* than a trick: there is careful, clenched writing, employed to tell a swift, compelling story. This story involves a dozen or more well-realized people: Mr. Newman, the protagonist; Gert, the woman he marries; Fred, his Christian Fronter neighbor, who loves above all else hunting, shooting, killing; perhaps best of all Mr. Finkelstein, who owns the corner candy store. Even those characters who are hastily sketched in are vivid and precise: Mr. Sullivan, who owns a "restricted" hotel; Mr. Stevens, who would never employ a Jew knowingly; Mr. Newman's crippled mother, listening to waltzes on the radio, reading the Brooklyn *Eagle*. If I may carp for one swift moment, I would have urged Mr. Miller to fill in more completely the drawing of Mrs. Depaw, the only woman on the block who opposed the Christian Front activities directed against Mr. Finkelstein and later Mr. Newman.

But this criticism seems unimportant, when you are magnetized, as through a nightmare, through the priest's speech at the Christian Front meeting, when you are taken for a breathless moment down to Fred's cellar to hear him vow his red-necked, ugly threats against decency and humanity, or when you swing a baseball bat in sympathy with the hunted, against the gang of young toughs who would save America for the "Christian," the "white," the "American." As Mr. Miller urges you through his compact, carefully impassioned study of a soul, you will be thinking of Rankin and Bilbo; you will be understanding more forcefully than ever before that you are derelict if you do not consciously exert every effort to fight the forces of bigotry and hate. Novels like this are in a great tradition—the tradition of a Zola. They are novels of a mighty compulsion; they are forces for a mighty good. If freedom is the recognition of necessity, you will be a freer person when you lay Mr. Miller's new novel down. Mr. Finkelstein's baseball bat will hammer a recognition of necessity

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into the head of any but the blindest. *Focus*—if I may deal very carefully in superlatives—seems to me the most successful evidence of the year that the novel can be an instrument of light.

ALLAN CRAWFORD.

Eye All Over

VIRGINIA WOOLF: Her Art as a Novelist, *by Joan Bennett. Harcourt, Brace. $2.*

READING this excellent discussion of Virginia Woolf's art as a novelist, I thought of two little anecdotes. The first one is about an early settler in America, who in the dead of winter comes upon an Indian walking cheerfully in the snow without as much as a stitch of clothing. To the settler's inquiry the Indian replies: "But you don't wear a fur coat on your nose."

The settler says: "My nose doesn't feel the cold." And the savage retorts: "Indian nose all over."

And then there's the anecdote about the Hindu philosopher who answers a disciple's query as to why one man can commit the most heinous misdeeds and then sleep like a child, while another spends a sleepless night because he fears he may have unintentionally slighted a stranger by the overemphasis of a single word. The philosopher says: "If I drop this piece of lint on your arm you will not feel it. But now open your eye and let me drop it there. You see, some people are eye all over."

There you have it: Virginia Woolf was eye all over. But she lived in a world which had been largely made and run by the people who are nose all over (I mean the fascists, not the Indians).

By the use of extremely well chosen quotations Joan Bennett dissects for us the spirit behind Virginia Woolf's novels. Here was a mind as sensitive as the eyeball, living in a veritable blizzard of thoughts, impressions, feelings and trying desperately to make sense out of them, to bring them into some related whole, and somehow explain why there is suffering, why there are wars and more wars, why there is poverty. And also why in spite of all this there is the keenest joy of living.

In this complex world Virginia Woolf finds it impossible to write the usual kind of novel with characters, plot, climax. She rejects the very idea of character, saying in one of her novels (*Mrs. Dalloway*): "She would not say of anyone in the world now that they were this or that." And elsewhere (*To The Lighthouse*): ". . . the things you know us by are simply childish. Beneath it is all dark, it is all spreading, it is unfathomably deep; but now and again we rise to the surface and that is what you see us by."

Just as she rejected characters in her novels, so she rejected story or plot. She has one of her characters say: "With her mind she had always seized the fact that there is no reason, order, justice: but suffering, death, the poor. There was no treachery too base for the world to commit; she knew that." *(To the Lighthouse.)*

Pity and terror, the scenes of children lost in the darkness, laughing sometimes to keep up their courage, but lost nevertheless, lost without hope, lost forever. That, and a vast compassion, a compassion for all things alive that must suffer and suffer yet more—that is the feeling that pervades her novels.

"Left alone together for the first time that day, they were silent. Alone enmity was bared; also love. Before they slept, they must fight; after they had fought, they would embrace. From that embrace another life might be born. But first they must fight, as the dog fox fights with the vixen, in the heart of darkness, in the fields of night." *(Between the Acts.)*

"They listened. The guns were still firing, but far away in the distance. There was a sound like the breaking of waves on a shore far away.

" 'They're only killing other people,' said Renny savagely. He kicked the wooden box.

" 'But you must let us think of something else,' Eleanor protested. The mask had come down over his face." (*Jacob's Room.*)

Whence comes such despair? Whence such harrowing pity and compassion? For my part, I find it a severe omission in Joan Bennett's book that not a word is said of Virginia Woolf's life. Not so much as where or when she lived. How or when she died. This is ridiculous. Virginia Woolf is not the name of an automatic pen writing on a sheet of paper floating in mid-air.

I know very little of Virginia Woolf's life. I know only that early in 1941, when Yugoslavia and Greece were falling to Hitler and the British were giving up Bengazi, her husband, Leonard Woolf, editor of the London *Political Quarterly*, found the following note written by her:

"I have the feeling that I shall go mad and cannot go on any longer in these terrible times. I hear voices and cannot concentrate on my work. I have fought against it, but cannot fight any longer. I owe all my happiness in life

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to you. You have been so perfectly good. I cannot go on and spoil your life."

Mr. Woolf ran down to the river Ouse where his wife loved to walk and found nothing but her walking stick.

I say this: despair is a species of reactionary philosophy. If you do not believe in characters, then how can you struggle against the Tories? Whom can you blame for the state of the world? And if you reject plot and story is it not because you refuse to think that things will come out all right? Is it not because you deny that which the heart of all mankind wants to find in every story: that they lived happily ever afterwards? Is it not because you reject the word of Christ: that the meek shall inherit the earth? Or the word of Marx as for example in that vast and awful drama of capitalist accumulation which he ends with these sentences: "This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated."

Ah, my friends, which one of us does not hear voices these days? Which one of us does not fear that he will go mad? History has saddled us with the greatest task of all time: to realize the brotherhood of man in the very midst of the most destructive forces of all times: atom bombs and fascistic doctrines. Aristotelian pity and terror are not enough. Compassion for the miserable is not enough. One must have faith in the historical destiny of man. Otherwise it is indeed a novel without characters and without plot. And the end is suicide.

GUY ENDORE.

Shackling Democracy

THE CHALLENGE OF RED CHINA, *by Gunther Stein. Illustrated with Chinese woodcuts. Whittlesey House. $3.50.*

ONE of the most depressing features of international diplomacy is its fondness for returning to situations of disaster. There seems to be a compulsion which drives it ineluctably toward the old tricky gamblers' moves which always promise the gaudiest mirages of glory and exploitation and always turn out to be the gambit of catastrophe. Just now British and American diplomacy is working hard to bring back one of these old situations in the Far East. China and the Indies are the potential Spain and Czechoslovakia of World War III, a super-Spain and a super-Czechoslovakia loaded with possibilities for the human race more terrifying than anything in World War II. The best thing the diplomacy of the two Western allies can think of in this situation is to develop its explosive possibilities to the full through checkmating the democratic forces in China's endemic civil war and selling the peoples of the Indies down river into the dreary old imperialist serfdoms.

Gunther Stein's book is important because it exposes the ignorance and the folly behind one of these diplomatic moves—Washington's backing of the reactionary Kuomintang faction in postwar China. This is not precisely what he set out to do in this book. A foreign correspondent who has represented such journals as the Manchester *Guardian*, the London *News Chronicle*, and the *Christian Science Monitor* in Asia for the past twelve years, Mr. Stein undertook the assignment of reporting the story of the New Democracy created by the Communist Party in the Northwest Border Region and in Occupied China. One of the first group of foreign correspondents permitted by Chiang Kai-shek to visit Yenan, the Communist capital, in the summer of 1944, Mr. Stein spent five months there studying the economic, social, political and military phases of this New Democracy.

More thoroughly informed and more ably reasoned than Harrison Forman's useful *Report from Red China*, closer to the facts of the contemporary situation than Edgar Snow's brilliant *Red Star Over China*, Mr. Stein's book gives a comprehensive picture of the programs and personalities that have made the New Democracy a powerful and ineradicable force in contemporary Chinese history. It is a remarkable story. As Mr. Stein reports it, the Chinese Communist Party has succeeded in breaking the obscene power of the absentee landlord, the usurer and the tax farmer who have held the Chinese peasant in a slavery in many instances more brutal than that of the bond slaves in America before the Civil War. They have done this by carrying out the programs to which the Kuomintang is theoretically committed but which it has never put into practice: reduction of land rent, interest and taxes, a democratic broadening of the tax base, and free elections based on universal suffrage. In Kuomintang China, in spite of the fact that the party's own agrarian law of 1930 fixed land rents at 37.5 of the annual crop, the actual land rents have ranged between fifty and eighty percent. Taxes are completely arbitrary in every way except one—they are not levied against the rich and powerful. It

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is an open scandal that the high-ranking members of the Kuomintang hierarchy, from Chiang Kai-shek down, have never paid income tax, or even reported their incomes. In Red China, under the New Democracy, taxes have been equitably distributed so that they are borne by every one and they have been greatly reduced by the abolition of bureaucratic graft. Usury, which in Kuomintang China levies an interest toll on loans to peasants ranging from twenty to 700 percent a year, has been abolished in the areas of the New Democracy. Land rents have been reduced to forty percent. The Communists have also challenged the power of the Kuomintang bureaucracy through instituting popular election by secret ballot in villages, towns and counties. Local officials in the Border Region and in many parts of Occupied China now represent the people and not the appointing power of Kuomintang party hacks. These elections are not dominated by the Communist Party, which has voluntarily limited its representation to one-third.

In addition to these reforms the Communist Party has reduced illiteracy, broadened the base of popular education, improved and increased agricultural production, reclaimed waste land, stimulated the organization of industrial cooperatives and put an end to hoarding and speculation. It is the testimony of all observers that the people of Communist China are more literate, better clothed and better fed, and better informed politically, than the people of Kuomintang China. All this has been done while the Chinese Red Armies have been carrying on a guerrilla warfare that contained eighty-four percent of the Japanese forces in North China and 59.9 percent of the forces in Central China. Only in South China did the Kuomintang forces predominate, but here the Japanese had only four and a half of their thirty-four divisions in China proper. It is an extraordinary record. The most extraordinary part of it is that the reforms instituted under Communist Party leadership will be recognized at once by the average American as having the bourgeois democratic character which President Truman likes to refer to as "our way of life."

Mr. Stein's book should go far toward clearing up many misconceptions about Communist China now current in the United States. These misconceptions loom just as large in the White House and the State Department as in the corner saloon and the tenement. Why is it, the average man and the average State Department official asks, if the Chinese Reds are so efficient at building up a society that looks like our democracy, they persist in calling themselves Communists? Obviously they are simply agrarian reformers. Why don't they say so? The obvious answer, explicit in Mr. Stein's book, is that they are Marxists. Because they are Marxists they see very clearly the operation of the historic forces in China. They realize that China's peasants in fighting their way out of agrarian feudalism cannot bypass the bourgeois democratic revolution and arrive at socialism in one leap. The Communist Party in China calls itself the midwife of the bourgeois democratic revolution. But, the average man persists, can they be trusted to bring about democracy? Why not trust Chiang Kai-shek? The answer is that their sincerity is undoubted because as Marxists they recognize the forces of historic necessity. As to Chiang Kai-shek, it is the judgment of all trained observers that he cannot bring about a democratic development because his role is that of middleman between the feudal forces of landlordism on one side and dawning capitalism on the other. Without his base in the reactionary landlords he falls to the ground. The last thing on earth he wants is a democratic development in China. Explicit in his writings and implicit in his acts since the purge of 1927 is the fact that what he really wants to build in China is a greater Japan, an industrial leviathan superimposed on slave labor and peasant serfdom. The Western powers seem determined to help him build it.

Mr. Stein's book is a sound guide to the contemporary Chinese situation, which is still clouded by censorship and the ominous shadows of civil war. He makes it clear that no power, however great, which does not recognize the historic urge of the Chinese people to break out of the cocoon of feudalism can control China for long. The book should be required reading for State Department officials who now appear to be committing us to that lunatic enterprise in the belief that history works best in reverse gear. EDMUND BLUNT.

With Acid Pen

SOMEWHAT ANGELS, *by David C. DeJong. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.*

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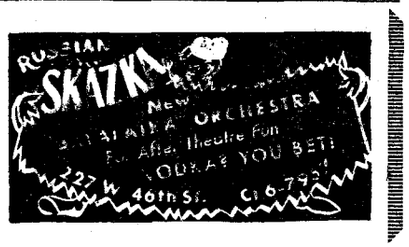

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an oversupply of aggressive 4F'ers. In the general effect Mr. DeJong's women are a loathsome lot. Neither is the author partial toward males, of whom he offers some dingy specimens. It is to the author's credit that in the pages these people are annoyingly real. Just how representative they are depends on the company you keep.

Mr. DeJong's sustained satirical treatment is a demonstration of skill with both the needle and the sledge-hammer. Yet he writes with clear warmth for characters he obviously favors, two of whom dominate the story, Mrs. Brain and Henrietta. Mrs. Brain, drawn in the liberal tradition, is the widowed mother of three sons overseas. She modestly contributes to the war effort, comforts her daughters-in-law, minds her own business, detests her stuffy *milieu*, and prefers Henrietta, the devoted mistress of her stepson Paul, to his ill-chosen legal wife.

Henrietta is a caricature of a financially comfortable middle-class woman who wants to be a proletarian. She becomes sartorially an extremist, emotionally a masochist, and until she meets Paul, sexually promiscuous. Her disorganized existence includes the dirtiest job in a laundry, self-imposed, sporadic attempts to continue writing a novel, and an all-consuming passion for her absent lover. No political affiliations are indicated, though she reads "the latest number of the NEW MASSES, with an earnestly puckered brow. What to think of the war, with guidance? How to lay one's head on the ideological pillow, and keep one's rectitude straight, and one's doubts in check?" But her world is of the heart, rather than of the head. Her "radical" tendencies are externalized in humanitarian acts which move by impulse rather than political direction. Her somewhat gauche nobility, her honesty, troubled striving and immolating love for Paul far outweigh her shortcomings, and total up to a thoroughly sympathetic character.

But the effect of the book as a whole is to obscure the wide contributions of women to the war effort, though, perhaps, this was neither its intention, nor within its scope. The novel is so convincing in its individual deprecations as to suggest a damning universality, regardless of class; but the author's primary target remains the middle-class lady. MACK ENNIUS.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

MELODRAMA, COMEDY AND LOVE

By JOSEPH FOSTER

THE hand of the master that fashioned *Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Rebecca*, *The Lady Vanishes*, is evident, in all its cunning, in *Spellbound* (Astor). In his latest masterpiece Alfred Hitchcock shrewdly utilizes psychoanalytic insights to give validity to a plot, that has its discrepancies. Like all Hitchcock films (with the exception of *Lifeboat*) the pattern of *Spellbound* is the race between good and evil. Here the suspense comes from the need to cure the hero of his neurosis before the police, believing him a killer, catch up with him. Hitchcock skillfully moves his characters around the country, keeping them just one step ahead of the pursuers. The suspense is prolonged by a stubborn case of amnesia.

Albert Deutsch, *PM* science editor, writing on the psychoanalytic aspects of the film, points out that by means of injections and modern treatment, the patient could have been cured of his amnesia in no time at all. That may apply in psychiatry, but not in melodrama. In *Spellbound* the amnesia is to the plot what the raincoat was to *Thirty-Nine Steps* or the line of music to *The Lady Vanishes*. It is the key to the hero's innocence, but its triumphant solution must come exactly at the right dramatic if not medical moment.

For the rest, Hitchcock maintains a steady pressure on your senses by focusing your attention on small objects, making you see the significance in expressions that the characters see in one another, reinforcing the meaning of bits of dialogue by deliberate though underplayed gesture, and using music with great effect. At one point, a well-placed, crashing chord almost threw my neighbor out of his seat.

In its treatment of psychoanalysis, particularly in its dream sequence, *Spellbound* reduces previous attempts such as *Lady in the Dark*, to so much gibberish. I found only one fault, an overstraining in the opening sequences. In a foreword, the film explains the therapeutic advantages of analysis as it applies to the sane, yet in the effort to create atmosphere the patients are all presented as psychopaths and the place as a loony-bin rather than a psychoanalyst's office.

Ingrid Bergman as the doctor who desperately tries to cure her lover-patient before the law steps in, Gregory Peck as her guilt-ridden patient, and Michael Chekhov as her former teacher and conspirator turn in brilliant performances.

IT IS unfortunate that *Confidential Agent*, another melodrama, based on a novel by Graham Greene, and directed by Herman Shumlin (Strand) opened at the same time, for by contrast with the Hitchcock work, its faults seem much worse than they actually are. It is slow, and despite its good dramatic intentions and episodes it suffers from talkiness. Here too the chase is the core of the action. An agent for Republican Spain comes to England to buy coal for the Loyalists. He is followed by Franco's men who are out to prevent his completing the job. They beat him, rob him, shoot at him, buy off other anti-Franco agents to betray him. He gets involved in the death of the latter and of a rooming-house slavey who had been helping him, yet all this fails to create suspense. In an effort to provide mystery and tension, Shumlin and Jimmy Wong Howe, his cameraman, as sensitive a pair as you will find in pictures, have underlit their work to the point of unreality. The absence of people other than the immediate acting cast, intensifies the unreality. They seem to be playing out a drama against a backdrop city. The woodenness of Lauren Bacall in the principal female role doesn't help either. Not till the picture is better than half gone does it come to life. Charles Boyer, the confidential agent, robbed of his identification papers and letters of credit, goes to the mining area to make one more effort to avert total failure. At least, if *he* can't get the coal, he will stop the fascists from getting it. He appeals to the miners to dig no coal for Franco, coal he needs because the miners of Spain will not dig it. He gets unexpected help from a worker whose son is fighting with the Loyalists. But the miners, who need jobs, are unmoved. They know nothing of politics and are suspicious of foreigners as well. A couple of fascist gunmen break up the demonstration and the matter gets such an airing in the press, that the coal operators are enjoined from selling the coal to Franco. One of the mine owners further concludes that England has decided it is not wise to do business with Franco. This conclusion must come as a surprise to Churchill and his like.

Modern politics certainly offers as dramatic a background for action pictures as psychoanalysis, but this use of it muffs the opportunities.

TWO comedies, *Kiss and Tell* (Capitol) and *Blythe Spirit* (Winter Garden) have become Broadway film successes. The surprising thing about *Kiss and Tell* is the performance of Shirley Temple who for the first time, since her early days as a subversive element (see Dies Committee reports) seems to be aware of the words that she speaks. She is no Duse, but at last she gives the impression that she is not Shirley Temple on exhibition but a character in a specific situation. As for the picture itself, the plot is so artificial you can smell the grease paint out in the lobby. The comedy effects depend upon the impact of a wayward daughter of a respectable family upon a suburban community. Shirley appears in its eyes as the complete juvenile delinquent, the fifteen-year-old led astray by the transient soldier. The contrived circumstances wouldn't fool the village idiot, yet the grownups all go wild with the news—her parents have fainting spells, the neighbors rush about, the small fry become implicated. The situation is worked for every bit of loud comedy there is in it. Walter Abel, normally a self-respecting actor, is trapped by his role as the father into behaving like a blabbering nitwit, yawping, scowling, grimacing and mugging as no ham has done since Biograph days.

Why doesn't Shirley tell the truth about herself? Well, because she is cov-

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ering up for her brother and his wife who are about to have a baby. The truth about them can't come out because their families are having a feud. Here again, the circumstances that lead up to the tiff are such that only the same set of ninnies taken in by Shirley's scheming could be expected to fall again.

The film has a fast pace and dialogue far better than the situations. If you can find humor in overcooked plots, you will find this film funny.

"BLITHE SPIRIT," on the other hand, tells you right off the bat that it is a fantasy, and asks that you take its comedy on that basis. The dialogue is urbane in the Noel Coward manner and while its characters would find nothing side-splitting in wrongly assuming pregnancy in a fifteen-year-old, *its* humor flows from a set of social mores equally well established. Whereas the humor in *Kiss and Tell* depends on the unconscious attitudes of its people, here the humor depends upon the self-consciousness of its cast. "Why did you invite him?" asks the wife, "He is just as malicious as we are." Briefly, some upper class well-to-do English folk plan a seance as a bit of amusement. By mistake the dead former wife of the host is called back to earth. The man now has two wives—one ectoplasmic, and one earthy—in the house at the same time, and the rest of the footage is taken up with extricating him from this predicament. The film burlesques spiritualism with hilarious success, but draws its humor also from the two-wives-in-the-house situation, a setup as corny as the comic mother-in-law. Sarcasm, satirical comment, biting observation, such as could never emerge from a roomful of well-mannered people, helps spread the thin story over the length of the film. *Blithe Spirit* contends, incidentally, that when a fishwife raises her voice in brawling anger she is not funny but vulgar. When a cultured man does so he is amusing since he is being presented in a distorted attitude. One character has only to call another a fishwife in so many synonyms, and the desired witticism is achieved.

Aside from the social aspects of Noel Coward's character types, the story is wound up by ingenious use of the spirits that create the original predicaments. As an example of how some of the well-heeled British divert themselves, *Blithe Spirit* is entertaining.

THE tear-jerker of the week, or probably month, is *This Love of Ours* at the Criterion. A young doctor falls madly in love with an actress. They go through five years of bliss, yet at the first whiff of irresponsible gossip, he packs himself and their young daughter off to America. She wants to explain, but he has been too wounded to listen. Several years later, he is a famous scientist, and she is a night club bummey, but a clean one. He wants her back, but she has not forgiven him. For the sake of their child then, whose memory of her is green and shrine-like, we find them—skipping a few details—on his gorgeous estate. But the daughter believes her mother dead, and wants none of her. So she (the wife) hangs around a while and makes conversation, but at last can stand it no longer and gets ready to leave. Soon her daughter discovers her identity, not by being told, that would be too easy, but by some devious intuition. She asks her mother to hold on, but nothing doing. Finally, in the midst of a resounding fortissimo of sound, she cries *"Mother!"* and all differences dissolve in a threesome closeup of tears and happiness.

This picture reminds me of a story in which an elderly man, seeing his first boy-meets-loses-and-gets-girl picture described the results as follows. "At first the man is willing but the girl isn't. Then the girl is but the man isn't. After a while they both are but the child isn't. When the child is, the woman isn't. Finally when all three are, the audience isn't." We will leave it at that.

Notes on Music

DOROTHY MAYNOR'S magnificent voice, it seems to me, never sounded to better advantage than at the recent memorable concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York. Her voice, fulfilling all it ever promised, was richer, mellower than at any other time, yet also finer and more delicate. It was flexible enough fully to meet the taxing demands of such divergent compositions as the two Mozart arias, *"Et Incarnatus Est"* from the Mass in C minor and *"Dove Sono"* from *The Marriage of Figaro*, as well as Ravel's three exotic poems, *Asie*. What struck one particularly was the extraordinary control and the wonderful phrasing, which revealed a growth in musicianship and understanding. Pierre Monteux provided the kind of accompaniment singers pray for; and a rounded program, which, for choice and performance, served to emphasize the strange, local neglect of one of our great conductors. That he is a

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superb interpreter of French music is, of course, a platitude. But his performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony manifested the master hand. It was restrained and poetical at the same time—unforced, lyrical and yet virile. Orchestras might stop shopping around for glamor conductors, for a season or two, and turn to M. Monteux, who can play circles around most of our contemporary musicians.

RECENT orchestra novelties include Ernest Bloch's *Suite Symphonique*, performed at this concert, and Arnold Schoenberg's *Theme and Variations for Orchestra*, presented by George Szell and the New York Philharmonic on November 1. The Bloch suite is deceptively sonorous—skillfully and fulsomely decorated; but underneath really empty and vaporous. It is traditional stuff; and though the numerous variations are deftly constructed, they seem, like much of this composer's other work, more pretentious than substantial. Schoenberg's *Theme and Variations* is more conventional than one would have expected. Originally intended for brass band, this composition, though exhibiting no greater originality than the Bloch piece, is at least incisive and modern, very clever in its orchestration, and free from pretense. In addition, it does not make use of the *Dies Irae* theme.

WE SALUTE the return of Maggie Teyte, the British soprano, after many years' absence. Her interpretations of French songs, especially those of Debussy and Duparc, remain without peer; and though the former richness and vibrancy of her voice has diminished, it retains superb style, intelligent control, charm. She brings understanding and personality without intrusion upon the composer's intentions. The song is preeminent, not the singer. Her's is not the voice for Gluck, Mozart and Mehul—as she soon revealed, in which older music she sounded halting and unconvincing. But of the French impressionist's style she is still a unique and incomparable master.

WHAT to hear in New York: New York City Symphony, Monday evenings, City Center. . . . Hindemith Festival, Juilliard School, November 23 and 24. . . . Burl Ives, Town Hall, December 1. . . . Serkin, Carnegie Hall, December 4. . . . Philharmonic (Darius Milhaud premiere), Carnegie Hall, December 6 and 7. . . . Maggie Teyte, soprano, Town Hall, December 19.

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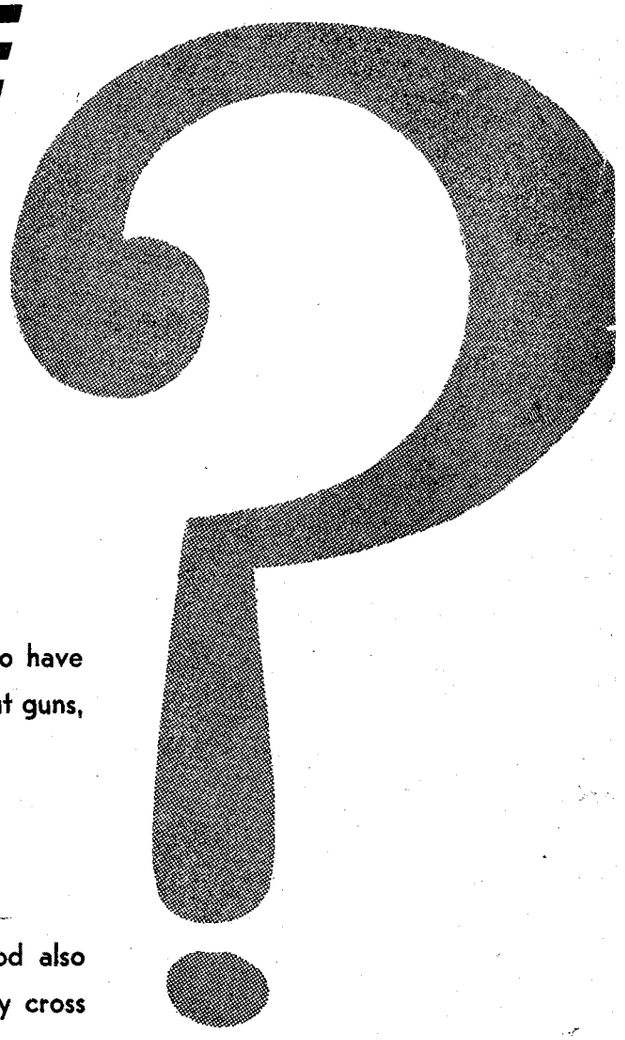

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